

THOUGHTS OF THE GREAT

First Edition : 1924
Second Edition : 1925

THOUGHTS OF THE GREAT

TO REMIND US "WE CAN MAKE
OUR LIVES SUBLIME"

Gathered from time to time for personal guidance

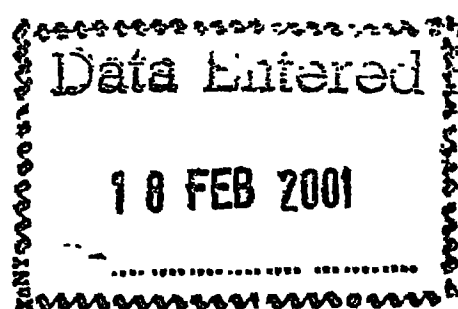
BY
GEORGE S. ARUNDALE

And now published at the request of friends

FIRST SERIES

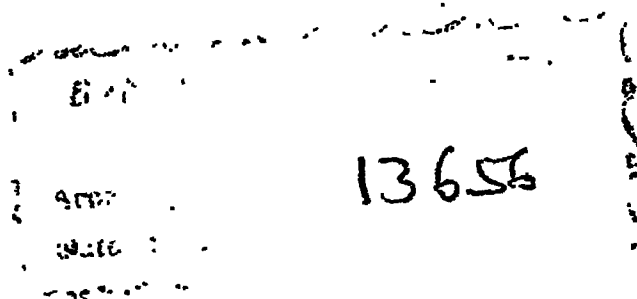
(Second Edition)

THEOSOPHICAL PUBLISHING HOUSE
ADYAR, MADRAS, INDIA
1925



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TO
THE YOUNG IN HEART
—THE TRULY GREAT—
OF ALL NATIONS, OF ALL CREEDS
OF ALL "AGES"

MAY THE WORLD, THROUGH THEM,
SOON REALISE ITS BROTHERHOOD

NOTE

FOR a long time I have been gathering great thoughts wherever I could find them, in the hope of gradually laying a foundation for a greatness of my own in the more or less distant future. For many, many years I have been privileged to live in the company of great people, and I have thus acquired a taste for greatness, because I have had practical experience of that which greatness really means. My eyes have been opened to the wonderful blessing to the world true greatness is, to the wonderful peace and power which characterise the truly great, to the wonderful reverence, tenderness, and simplicity of life, which marks them out so startlingly from the rest of us, to the wonderful insight which enables them in a moment to distinguish right from wrong, the real from the unreal.

To me, the great form one great living company of brethren. Some may be living in physical bodies to-day, some may be out of incarnation. The accident of having, or of not having, a physical body is of little importance. They are a living reality: one in their greatness, and one in their bond of union—conscious dedication to the service of the world. Part of the work of education in this new, young

world of ours will be to make real to the younger generation the truth that the great who are said to have gone before us, to belong to the past, who inspired the world in days gone by, are with us now, and will be with us through all Eternity: that they form the true government of the world: that we can reach them and know them as those who lived contemporaneously with them in the past could reach and know them: that if there are differences of faith in this outer world of ours which separate us into hostile camps down here, if there is no greater "odium" than the *odium theologicum*, it is because we are small and not great, for those who expressed the One Truth differently did so that our varying temperaments might find food suitable to their natures, might grow now along one line, now along another, so that by degrees an all-round growth might be achieved. Surely did these great ones know that behind, within, the differences lies the One Truth; they came into the world, each with a differently coloured lens, through which the White Sunshine of God might pass coloured to meet the needs of different classes of His children. Yet every Great Teacher, while using the lens for the many, has taken it away for the few, that these might know the Sunshine in all its undimmed grandeur, and know, too, that it is the same Sunshine that shines through all forms, be these ever so divergent in appearance in the outer world.

Let us recognise and pay homage to Greatness, be its forms of expression what they may. And to this end is this First Series of THOUGHTS OF THE GREAT published, with the generous help of a friend, that we may become more familiar with the greatness-attitude. For greatness is an attitude, a reaction, more than aught else. The attitude, the reaction, may find expression in action, in speech, in thought, in feeling. But whether it finds expression or not, it is always there. It is the background, the atmosphere, the essence, of life. It permeates the individual's being, and is the sum and substance of himself on every plane of Nature. It is his *fons et origo*, his *Alpha* and *Omega*.

I should like readers of these THOUGHTS OF THE GREAT to brood over them, to meditate upon them, to sense the attitude they imply, and to encourage their constant influence upon daily life. Coming events cast their brightness before, in these *Thoughts of the Great*. May they be insistent intimations to you of your own true nature, of the future that awaits you—a future, let us hope, in some measure already present. I hope, if the reception accorded to this First Series be sufficiently encouraging, to publish a Second Series, and I shall be grateful to receive thoughts for inclusion which readers and friends have themselves found inspiring and practically helpful. These should be sent to me to

P.O. Box 904,
Adyar, Madras, S., India.

I may add that I have deliberately not attempted to classify the "Thoughts," to reduce them to any so-called "order". I have left them just as I had them in my "Thought Book". Part of the pleasure, if any, which the book may afford will, I hope, lie in the storehouse being uncharted, so that every reading becomes a veritable voyage of discovery.

I desire to acknowledge my obligation to every author of the great thoughts quoted in these pages for the help his thought has been to me; and I wish specially to thank my comrade Donald Steward for his invaluable assistance.

If these thoughts help others as they are helping me, the publication of the book will have been fully justified.

ADYAR
May 25th, 1924.

GEORGE S. ARUNDALE

NOTE TO THE SECOND EDITION

I AM naturally gratified that a second edition of THOUGHTS OF THE GREAT has so soon been called for. Personally, I always find abiding stimulation in the thoughts of the great, and the more I brood over them the more clearly do I see my own path to greatness; for greatness is one, and inspires all alike—be their pathways what they may.

I hope soon to publish the Second Series, for which I already have considerable material, and I thank the many friends who have so kindly responded to my request for more thoughts.

G. S. A.

ABOVE ALL ELSE

ABOVE all else, remember that these thoughts are but intended to remind you of that which I trust you already know. It is not so much knowledge we need as the active remembrance of it, the practice of it. I commend to you as the supreme truth within this little book the vital thought expressed in the noble Prayer by John Drinkwater :

Not for a clearer vision of the things
Whereof the fashioning shall make us great,
Not for remission of the peril and stings
Of time and fate.

Not for a fuller knowledge of the end
Whereto we travel, bruised yet unafraid,
Not that the little healing that we lend
Shall be repaid.

Grant us the *Will* to fashion as we feel,
Grant us the strength to labour as we know,
Grant us the purpose, ribbed and edged with
steel,
To strike the Blow :

Knowledge we ask not—Knowledge Thou hast
lent,
But Lord, the *Will*—there lies our bitter need,
Give us to build above the deep intent
The Deed, The Deed !

THOUGHTS OF THE GREAT

1

TRUTH

AND in all lands beneath the sun,
Whoso hath eyes to see may see
The tokens of its unity.

Truth is one : the wise name it variously.

—*Rigveda.*

Each sees one colour of Thy rainbow light,
Each looks upon one tint and calls it heaven ;
Thou art the fulness of our partial sight,
We are not perfect till we find the seven.

Unto this end our prayer is made
That we from deeper vision won
Here, where the night-like slumbrous shade
Is cast and mixed with noonday sun,
May glimpse where fast the shuttle gleams,
Flying to weave in mystic ways
Something of daylight in our dreams,
Something of dreaming in our days.

—*J. H. Cousins.*

He who does not know, and does not know he does not know, is a fool : *Avoid him.*

He who does not know, and knows he does not know, is a simpleton : *Teach him.*

He who knows, and does not know he knows, is a sleeper : *Wake him.*

He who knows, and knows he knows, is a wise man : *Follow him.*

'Tis the good reader that makes the good book ; a good head cannot read amiss.

—*Emerson.*

If thou wilt receive profit, read with humility, simplicity and faith ; and seek not at any time the fame of being learned.

—*Thomas à Kempis.*

Read not to contradict and confute, nor to believe and take for granted, nor to find talk and discourse ; but to weigh and consider.

—*Bacon.*

There is creative reading as well as creative writing.

—*Emerson.*

3

Reading furnishes the mind only with materials of knowledge ; it is thinking makes what we read ours.

—*John Locke.*

! We must be young to do great things.

—*Goethe.*

Nothing great was ever achieved without enthusiasm.

—*Emerson.*

Enter and seek the way of honour—the will to work for man.

—*Jefferson.*

2

Kings it (Hope) makes Gods, and meaner creatures kings.

He who would be a great soul in future, must be a great soul now.

—*Emerson.*

Keep true to the dreams of thy youth . . .

—*Schiller.*

The authority of those who teach stands for the most part in the way of those who want to learn.

—*Cicero.*

The individual is brought to birth *through* and not *by* parents.

—*Apollonius of Tyana.*

All things are possible to him who *believes*; they are less difficult to him who *hopes*, they are easier to him who *loves*, and still more easy to him who practises and perseveres in these three virtues.

—*Brother Lawrence.*

Great men often rejoice at crosses of fortune, just as brave soldiers do at wars.

—*Seneca.*

Great souls attract great sorrows as mountains do storms. But the thunder-clouds break upon them, and they form a shelter for the plains around.

—*Jean Paul.*

Would not he be a fool who, going out to tilt with others, and falling in the midst of the course, should lie weeping on the ground, afflicting himself with reasonings about his fall? "Man," they would

say, "lose no time, get up and take the contest again; for he that rises again quickly, and continues his race, is as if he had never fallen."

—*De Molinos.*

I am heartily well content that all shame and disgrace should fall on my face, if it is for the truth. It was when I began to love God that I got the disfavour of men.

—*Hans Denck* (a Bavarian Mystic).

Those who live the inner life should on day's dawning enter the presence of the Gods, spending their time till midday in giving and receiving instruction in holy things.

—*Apollonius of Tyana.*

Spin carefully,
Spin prayerfully,
Leaving the thread with God.

Aide-toi, et Dieu t'aidera.

—*Jeanne d'Arc's Battle Cry.*

"You say all that you have done has been by the counsel of your Voices?"

"All that I have done *well*."

—*Jeanne d'Arc's Trial.*

"I do not know. I refer me to God."

—*Jeanne d'Arc* in all cases of difficulty.

"Did your party believe that you were sent by God?"

"I do not know whether they believe it, but if they do not believe it, yet am I sent by God."

—*Jeanne d'Arc's Trial*.

I have been driven many times to my knees, by the overwhelming conviction that I had nowhere else to go. My own wisdom, and that of all about me, seemed insufficient for that day.

—*Abraham Lincoln*.

Accustom yourself gradually to carry prayer into all your daily occupations. Speak, move, work, in peace, as if you were in prayer, as indeed you ought to be. Do everything without excitement by the spirit of grace.

—*Fenelon*.

Embark in no enterprise which you cannot submit to the test of prayer.

—*Hosea Ballou*.

We should preach God's glory day by day not by words only, often not by words at all but by our conduct. If you wish your neighbours to see what God is like, let them see what He can make you like. Nothing is so infectious as example.

—*Charles Kingsley.*

It is not enough to know God as a theory . . . our faith must be alive, and we must make it so, and by its means lift ourselves beyond all these passing emotions to worship the Father and Jesus Christ in all Their Divine Perfection.

—*Brother Lawrence.*

Are They not all ministering spirits sent forth to do service for the sake of them that shall inherit salvation.

—*Hebrews, I. 14.*

There is no place where earth's sorrows .
Are more felt than up in heaven ;
There is no place where earth's failings
Have such kindly judgment given.

.
For the love of God is broader
Than the measures of man's mind ;
And the Heart of the Eternal
Is most wonderfully kind. —*Faber.*

Knowledge is not a couch for the curious spirit,
nor a terrace for the wandering, nor a tower of state
for the proud mind, nor a vantage ground for the
haughty, nor a shop for profit and sale, but a store-
house for the glory of God and the endowment
of mankind.

—*Bacon.*

Education must always say in some way or other :
“ My Kingdom is not of *this* world.”

—Leading article in the *Times.*

There is no truer truth obtainable
By man, than comes of music.

—*Browning.*

Our grand business undoubtedly is, not to see
what lies dimly at a distance, but to do what lies
clearly at hand.

—*Carlyle.*

It is not to taste sweet things, but to do noble and
true things, and vindicate himself under God's
heaven as a God-made man, that the poorest son of
Adam dimly longs. Show him the way of doing
that, the dullest day-drudge kindles into a hero.

—*Carlyle.*

You cannot dream yourself into a character : you must hammer and forge yourself one.

—*Froude.*

No nobler feeling than this of admiration for one higher than himself dwells in the breast of man.

—*Carlyle.*

God brings men into deep waters, not to drown them, but to cleanse them.

—*Aughey.*

There is a courtesy of the heart ; it is allied to love. From it springs the purest courtesy in the outward behaviour.

—*Goethe.*

When we are out of sympathy with the young, then I think our work in this world is over.

—*George MacDonald.*

The truly great
Have all one age, and from one visible space
Shed influence ! They both in power and act
Are permanent, and Time is not with them .
Save as it worketh for them, they in it.

—*Coleridge.*

But in the mountains did he *feel* his faith.
 All things, responsive to the writing, there
 Breathed immortality, revolving life,
 And greatness still revolving ; infinite :
 There littleness was not ; the least of things
 Seemed infinite ; and there his spirit shaped
 Her prospects, nor did he believe—he *saw*.

—*Wordsworth* ("Excursion").

Are not the mountains, waves, and skies a part
 Of me and of my soul, as I of them ?

—*Byron* ("Childe Harold").

In Being's floods, in Action's storm,
 I walk and work, above, beneath,
 Work and weave in endless motion !
 Birth and Death,
 An infinite ocean ;
 A seizing and giving
 The fire of Living.
 'Tis thus at the roaring Loom of Time I ply,
 And weave for God the Garment thou seest Him
 by.

—*Goethe*.

Between our folding lips
 God slips
 An embryo life, and goes ;
 And this becomes your rose.
 We love, God makes : in our sweet mirth
 God spies occasion for a birth.
Then is it His, or is it ours ?
 I know not—He is fond of flowers.
 —*T. E. Brown.*

Build thee more stately mansions, O my soul
 As the swift seasons roll !
 Leave thy low-vaulted past !
 Let each new temple, nobler than the last,
 Shut thee from heaven with a dome more vast,
 Till thou at length art free,
 Leaving thine outgrown shell by life's unresting
 sea.
 —*O. W. Holmes (The Chambered Nautilus).*

The soul of man
 Is like the water :
 From heaven it cometh,
 To heaven it mounteth,
 And thence at once
 It must back to earth,
 Forever changing.
 —*Goethe's "Faust".*

How well it is that men should die, if only to erase
their impressions and return clean-washed.

—*Goethe to Frau von Stein.*

Every pain that I suffered in one body became a
power that I wielded in the next.

—*E. Carpenter* ("Towards Democracy").

6

Lord ! Turn us from our self-wrought ill,
And set us bravely to fulfil
Thy Will alone !

—*John Oxenham.*

Other heights in other lives, God willing !

—*Browning.*

Take heed to thyself, therefore, for what we make
of ourselves that we are ; what we awake in our-
selves that lives and moves in us.

—*Boehme.*

Whate'er thou lovest, man,
That too become thou must ;
God, if thou lovest God ;
Dust, if thou lovest dust.

Immeasurable is the Highest ; who but knows it ?
 And yet a human heart can perfectly enclose it !
 —*Trench.*

Attuned to every speck of earth and sky
 We stand, and in our beings catch the cry
 Of growing grass, the delicate noise of wings
 Among the leaves, the throb of little things.
 And each a priceless portion of our own
 Large growth, which knowing, we become alone
 Re-lit with the pure flame that Deep to Deep
 Scatters to separateness in our dim sleep
 Of pains and pleasures.
 —*H. Chattopadhyay.*

I made no vows, but vows
 Were then made for me ; bond unknown to me
 Was given that I should be, else sinning greatly,
 A dedicated spirit.
 —*Wordsworth* ("Prelude").

WHAT BROTHERHOOD MEANS

The Grace of God in your life.
 The Power of God in your Work.
 The Joy of God in your Play.
 The Beauty of God in your Actions.
 The Peace of God in your Rest.
 The Wisdom of God in your Thoughts.
 The Love of God in your Heart. —*Anon.*

The mind is its own place and in itself
Can make a Heaven of Hell, a Hell of Heaven.

—*Milton.*

7

Nothing is final between friends.

If I must choose between righteousness and peace,
I choose righteousness.

I always know that when I want a thing done, the busy person is the person who will be most likely to do it for me. So I always go straight to a busy man or woman. Why? Because an idle person will put off doing it till he can find time—which is probably never—but the busy man has no time, so he is used to making it. However many extra jobs he has on hand he will make time to do them, and get them done quickly, for he knows something else will crop up before he has finished.

—*Sir Robert Baden-Powell.*

“Quit you like men, be strong,” says an old writer. Thrown out into the world in young womanhood I took as my motto: “Be strong.” I pass it on to you to-day, in my age: Be strong.

—*Annie Besant.*

The creation is of God's family, for its sustenance is from Him. Therefore the most beloved unto God is the person who doeth good to God's family.

He is not strong and powerful who throweth people down; but he is strong who withholdeth himself from anger.

—*Muhammad the Prophet.*

Never suffer sleep to close thy eyelids, after thy going to bed, till thou hast examined by thy reason all thy actions of the day: Wherein have I done amiss? What have I done? What have I omitted that I ought to have done? If in this examination thou find that thou hast done amiss, reprimand thyself severely for it; and if thou hast done any good, rejoice.

—*Pythagoras.*

I have three precious things, which I hold fast and prize. The first is gentleness; the second is frugality; the third is humility, which keeps me from putting myself before others. Be gentle, and you can be bold; be frugal, and you can be liberal; avoid putting yourself before others, and you can become a leader among men.

—*Lao-Tze.*

If there is to be Peace on Earth it will be because there is Justice on Earth.

—*President Coolidge.*

The best portion of a good man's life—his little, nameless, unremembered acts of kindness and of love.

—*Wordsworth.*

To appreciate the noble is a gain that can never be torn from us.

—*Goethe.*

Every great and commanding movement in the annals of the world is the triumph of enthusiasm.

—*Emerson.*

Do not be afraid of enthusiasm; you need it; you can do nothing effectually without it.

—*Guizot.*

The destiny of any nation at any given time depends on the opinions of its young men under five-and-twenty.

—*Goethe.*

Act then, so that future generations may see that you remember the heroes of the Past. Be you heroes in your turn, *living* heroism in these days, and not dreaming over the heroism of the Past. Live so that your names may shine in the eyes of your posterity as do the starry names of old. Let the Rishis, looking down on India, see that you are descendants of their *minds* as well as of their *bodies*; let them be able to say: "These youths are *worthy* of the inheritance. We bequeathed to them, and they will hand on enriched the legacy they received from Us."

—*Annie Besant.*

9

Let us have faith that right makes might; and in that faith, let us, to the end, dare to do our duty as we understand it.

—*Abraham Lincoln.*

If you have any faith, give me, for heaven's sake a share of it! Your doubts you may keep to yourself, for I have plenty of my own.

—*Goethe.*

Faith is the force of life.

—*Tolstoi.*

Faith makes the discords of the present the harmonies of the future.

—*Robert Collyer.*

Faith is the very heroism and enterprise of intellect. Faith is not a passivity, but a faculty. Faith is power, the material of effect. Faith is a kind of winged intellect. The great workmen of history have been men who believed like giants.

—*Charles H. Parkhurst.*

Faith is love taking the form of aspiration.

—*W. E. Channing.*

Faith is nothing but spiritualised imagination.

—*H. W. Beecher.*

10

Courage consists not in blindly overlooking danger, but in seeing it and conquering it.

—*Richter.*

Without courage there cannot be truth, and without truth there can be no other virtue.

—*Sir Walter Scott.*

Courage consists not in hazarding without fear,
but being resolutely minded in a just cause.

—*Plutarch*

To struggle when hope is banished !
To live when life's salt is gone !
To dwell in a dream that's vanished !
To endure and go calmly on !

The most sublime courage I have ever witnessed
has been among that class too poor to know they
possessed it, and too humble for the world to dis-
cover it.

—*H. W. Shaw.*

The moral courage that will face obloquy in a good
cause is a much rarer gift than the bodily valour that
will confront death in a bad one.

—*Chatfield.*

He has not learned the lesson of life who does not
every day surmount a fear.

—*Emerson.*

He that will be angry for anything will be angry
for nothing.

—*Sallust.*

Anger begins with folly and ends with repentance.
—*Pythagoras.*

When angry, count ten before you speak ; if very
angry, a hundred.
—*Jefferson.*

It is he who is in the wrong who first gets angry.
—*William Penn.*

He that is slow to anger is better than the mighty ;
and he that ruleth his spirit, than he that taketh a
city.
—*The Bible.*

Are you angry ? Look at the child who has
erred, he suspects no trouble, he dreams no harm ;
you will borrow something of that innocence, you
will feel appeased.
—*Chateaubriand.*

12 .

Higher than the question of our duration is the
question of our deserving. Immortality will come to
such as are fit for it, and he who would be a great
soul in future, must be a great soul now.

It is easy in the world to live after the world's opinion ; it is easy in solitude to live after our own ; but the great man is he who in the midst of the crowd keeps with perfect sweetness the independence of solitude.

Trust men and they will be true to you ; treat them greatly and they will show themselves great, though they make an exception in your favour to all their rules of trade.

That only which we have within, can we see without. If we meet no Gods, it is because we harbour none.

The way to mend the bad world is to create the right world.

You are preparing with eagerness to go and render a service to which your talent and your taste invite you, the love of men, and the hope of fame. Has it not occurred to you that you have no right to go, unless you are equally willing to be prevented from going ?

I look for the new Teacher, that shall follow so far those shining laws, that He shall see them come

full circle : shall see their rounding complete grace :
 shall see the world to be the mirror of the soul :
 shall see the identity of the law of gravitation with
 purity of heart : and shall show that the Ought, that
 Duty, is one thing with Science, with Beauty, and
 with Joy.

—*Emerson.*

The study of Nature is well pleasing to God, and
 is akin to prayer. Learning the laws of nature, we
 magnify the First Inventor, the Designer of the
 world ; and we learn to love Him, for great love of
 God results from great knowledge. Who knows
 little loves little. If you love the Creator for the
 favour you expect of Him, and not for His most high
 goodness and strength, wherein do you excel the dog
 who licks his master's hand in the hope of dainties ?
 But reflect how that worthy beast, the dog, would
 adore his master could he comprehend his reason and
 his soul ! . . . Perfect knowledge of the Universe and
 perfect love of God are one and the same thing.

—*Leonardo da Vinci.*

Patience acts against insults not differently to
 clothes against cold. If you increase the clothes you
 wear in proportion to the increase of cold, this cold
 will not be able to harm you. Similarly, in the face

of great insults increase your patience, and the insults will not be able to offend your mind.

—*Leonardo da Vinci.*

Education is the development in man of all the perfection his nature permits.

—*Kant.*

The purpose of education is to give to the body and to the soul all the beauty and all the perfection of which they are capable.

—*Plato.*

The older I grow, the more I am convinced that there is no education which one can get from books and costly apparatus that is equal to that which can be gotten from contact with great men and women. Instead of studying books so constantly, how I wish that our schools and colleges might learn to study men and things!

—*Booker Washington* ("Up from Slavery").

Break not suddenly the dream
The blessed dream of infancy;
In which the soul unites with all
In earth, or heaven, or sea, or sky.

—*Froebel.*

With reachings of Thought we reach down to
 the deeps
 Of the souls of our brothers,
 And teach them full words with our slow-moving
 lips,
 "God," "Liberty," "Truth," which they hearken
 and think
 And work into harmony, link upon link.

* * * * *

Then we hear . . . the new generations that cry
 In attune to our voice, and harmonious reply—
 "God," "Liberty," "Truth!"
 —*Mrs. Browning* ("A Rhapsody of Life's Progress").

The purpose of education is not other than the
 purpose of life. Correspondingly, the intention of
 life cannot be other than the leading forth of the soul
 with its inheritance into the world to do what it must
 and may.

—*Greville Macdonald*.

Behind education lies the great secret of the
 perfecting of human nature—the amelioration of the
 race.

—*Kant*.

As man is of the world, the heart of man
Is an epitome of God's great book
Of creatures, and man need no further look.

—*Dr. Donne* ("Eclogue").



The whole science of education should be comprised in a recognition of this truth: *that the energy of life is the life itself*. In William Blake's momentous words, "Energy is eternal delight, and the outer circumference of energy is reason." They are words which declare the sense of life's joy and right in joy; and that this joy, being the spirit of life, cannot be separated from life without the disaster of a dying perhaps worse than death. . . . He cannot dissociate the life in its perfection from reason any more than from energy. "Truth has bounds," he says, "error none." . . . Energy is eternal delight. Poverty of joy means poverty of energy, feebleness of life. Passion misdirected is passion wasted, bringing loss of power, waning of joy, error and disaster. The suppression of this energy, because the pedagogue thinks it dangerous, can only misdirect it. "Better," says Blake, "murder an infant in its cradle than nurse unacted desires."

—*Greville Macdonald* ("The Child's Inheritance").

15

THE WELL-BELOVED

Whom the Gods love die young—

So down the ages sung
 We shall grow old and die
 And lay our beauty by
 And all our potent charms
 Lie wasted. . . . Vague alarms—
 See now ! The Gods decree
 Eternal youth shall be ;
 And old age keep the thrill
 Of its quick heart-beats still :
 The mind alert, the soul
 Impatient to its goal
 Thrusts forward. So of me,
 Dear Gods in charity,
 Of me let it be sung—
 Who, being old, died young.

—*Enid Clay.*

Hear the first truth : The great far-seeing soul
 Is ever in the humblest husk ; I see
 How each succeeding section takes its toll
 In fading cycles of old memory.
 And each new life the next life shall control
 Until perfection reach eternity.

—*E. Wyndham Tennant.*

Rather let error live than love die.

—*Rev. Dr. Alexander Whyte.*

To dwell in love, the wide house of the world,
 To stand in propriety, the correct seat of the
 world,
 And to walk in righteousness, the great path of
 the world;
 When he obtains his desire for office
 To practise his principles for the good of the
 people,
 And when that desire is disappointed, to practise
 them alone;
 To be above the power of riches and honours to
 make dissipated,
 Of poverty and mean condition to make swerve
 from the right,
 And of power and force to make bend—
 These characteristics constitute the great man.
 —*Mencius.*

All things uncomely and broken, all things worn
 and old,
 The cry of a child by the roadway, the creak of
 a lumbering cart,
 The heavy steps of the ploughman splashing the
 wintry mould,

Are wronging your image, that blossoms a rose
 in the deeps of my heart.
 The wrong of unshapely things is a wrong too
 great to be told.
 I hunger to build them anew, and sit on a green
 knoll apart,
 With the earth and the sky and the water
 re-made, like a casket of gold,
 For my dream of your image, that blossoms a
 rose in the deeps of my heart.

—*W. B. Yeats.*

The man that hath great griefs I pity not ;
 'Tis something to be great
 In any wise, and hint the larger state
 Though but in shadow of a shade, God wot !
 * * * *

But tenfold one is he, who feels all pains
 Not partial, knowing them
 As ripples parted from the gold-beaked stem,
 Wherewith God's galley ever onward strains.

To him the sorrows are the tension-thrills
 Of that serene endeavour,
 Which yields to God for ever and for ever
 The joy that is more ancient than the hills.

—*T. E. Brown.*

And there are some, whom a thirst
 Ardent, unquenchable, fires,
 Not with the crowd to be spent,
 Not without aim to go round
 In an eddy of purposeless dust,
 Effort unmeaning and vain.

—*Matthew Arnold* (" Rugby Chapel ").

PRETENDING

I've got a book of history that tells of queens
 and kings,
 Of crowns and thrones and battles, and all kinds
 of thrilling things ;
 And every day when I get up I choose who I will
 be,
 And all the day I'm someone else, and hardly
 ever me.

I once was William Shakespeare, and I wrote a
 lovely play,
 It took me all the morning—I had such a lot to
 say ;
 And then I've been Napoleon, and Nelson, too,
 of course,
 But mostly I'm Sir Galahad, and ride a prancing
 horse.

And every night at eight o'clock when I am safe
 in bed,
 I have to stop pretending things and be myself
 instead,
 'Cos Mummy always comes to see if I am still
 awake,
 And says she wants to cuddle me—not Galahad
 or Drake.

—*Enid Blyton.*

LITTLE ALTARS

In every shell the sea throws up
 To lie on English sands
 Is wonder, beauty, power, such
 As no man understands.
 And every tint and every scale
 Of beetle, moth, and fly,
 And every shining wing, declare
 The Majesty on High.
 No mountain lifting up its head,
 No ocean rolling far,
 Shows God more marvellously than
 The smallest things that are.
 O beauty coming down the years,
 O wonder none may plan,
 O power baffling human thought,
 Lift up the soul of man !

—*Harold Begbie.*

AS MUSIC FELL

And all things stayed around and listened. The gulls sat in white lines along the rocks ; on the beach, great seals lay basking, and kept time with lazy heads ; while silver shoals of fish came up to hearken, and whispered as they broke the shining calm. The wind overhead hushed his whistling, as he shepherded his clouds towards the west ; and the clouds stood in mid-blue, and listened dreaming, like a flock of golden sheep.

And, as the heroes listened, the oars fell from their hands, and their heads drooped on their breasts, and they closed their heavy eyes ; and they dreamed of bright, still gardens, and of slumbers under murmuring pines, till all their toil seemed foolishness, and they thought of their renown no more.

—*Charles Kingsley.*

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These things shall be ; a loftier Race
Than e'er the world hath known shall rise,
With flame of Freedom in their souls
And light of knowledge in their eyes.

They shall be gentle, brave and strong.
To spill no drop of blood, but dare
All that may plant man's lordship firm
On earth and fire and sea and air.

Nation with nation, land with land,
 Unarmed shall live as comrades free ;
 In every heart and brain shall throb
 The pulse of one fraternity.

—*J. R. Lowell.*

Enthusiasm's the best thing, I repeat ;
 Only we can't command it ; fire and life
 Are all, dead matter's nothing, we agree :
 And be it a mad dream or God's very breath,
 The fact's the same,—belief's fire once in us,
 Makes of all else mere stuff to show itself :
 We penetrate our life with such a glow
 As fire lends wood and iron—this turns steel,
 That burns to ash—all's one, fire proves its power
 For good or ill, since men call flare success.
 But paint a fire, it will not therefore burn.
 Light one in me, I'll find it food enough !

—*Browning.*

TRUE PRAYER

Who pants and struggles to be free,
 Who strives for others' liberty,
 Who, failing, still works patiently,
 He truly prays.

Who, loving all, dare none despise,
But with the worst can sympathise,
Who for a truth a martyr dies,
He truly prays.

Who, when a truth to him is known,
Embraces it through smile or frown,
Who dares to hold it, though alone,
He truly prays.

In musing, strength must come to dare,
Petitions are but empty air,
Brave action is the truest prayer.
Thus learn to pray.

—Annie Besant.

O Hidden Life, vibrant in every atom ;
 O Hidden Light, shining in every creature ;
 O Hidden Love, embracing all in Oneness ;
 May each, who feels himself as one with Thee,
 Know he is therefore one with every other.

—Annie Besant.

LOVE AND POWER

So, the All-Great, were the All-Loving too—
So, through the thunder comes a human voice
Saying : " O heart I made, a heart beats here !
Face, My hands fashioned, see it in Myself.
Thou hast no power nor may'st conceive of
Mine,

But love I gave thee, with Myself to love,
And thou must love Me who have died for
Thee!"

—*Browning* ("An Epistle").

There shall never be one lost good ! What was
shall live as before ;
The evil is null, is nought, is silence implying
sound ;
What was good, shall be good, with, for evil so
much good more ;
On the earth the broken arcs ; in the heaven
a perfect round.
All we have willed or hoped or dreamed of good
shall exist ;
Not its semblance but itself ; no beauty, nor
good, nor power
Whose voice has gone forth, but each survives
for the melodist
When eternity confirms the conception of an
hour.
The high that proved too high, the heroic for
earth too hard,
The passion that left the earth to lose itself in
the sky,
Are music sent up to God by the lover and the
bard ;
Enough that he heard it once : we shall hear
it by and by.

And what is our failure here but a triumph's
 evidence
 For the fulness of the days? Have we with-
 ered or agonised?
 Why else was the pause prolonged but that
 singing might issue thence?
 Why rush the discords in, but that harmony
 should be prized?
 Sorrow is hard to bear, and doubt is slow to
 clear,
 Each sufferer says his say, his scheme of the
 weal and woe:
 But God has a few of us that He whispers in
 the ear;
 The rest may reason and welcome: 'tis we
 musicians know.

—*Browning* ("Abt Vogler").

A MARCHING SONG OF YOUTH.

Whose feet are those upon the mountains,
 Like dawn earth's darkened vales above?
 Whose eyes are those like burning fountains
 Of courage, purity and love?
 This, this is Youth, whom every Nation
 Awaits to right its ancient wrong
 And tune the hearts of men to song
 Of Brotherhood that brings salvation.

Arise ! We hear thy call.
Arise ! We answer all.
We march beneath thy flag unfurled—
“ Youth shall reshape the world.”

—*J. H. Cousins.*

CHILDREN'S PEACE EFFORT

Children in Wales have adopted an effective method of advertising their support of the League of Nations. The following message has been “ broadcasted ” by wireless throughout the world :

“ We, boys and girls of the Principality of Wales, greet with a cheer the boys and girls of every other country under the sun. Will you, millions of you, join in our prayer that God will bless the efforts of the good men and women of every race and people who are doing their best to settle the old quarrels without fighting ? Then, there will be no need for any of us, as we grow older, to show our pride for the country in which we were born by going out to hate and to kill one another. Three cheers for the Covenant of the League of Nations—the friend of every mother, the protector of every home, and the guardian angel of the youth of the world.”

Put off, put off your mail, O kings
 And beat your brands to dust !
 Your hands must learn a surer grasp,
 Your hearts a better trust.

O, bend aback the lance's point,
 And break the helmet bar ;
 A noise is in the morning wind,
 But not the note of war.

Upon the grassy mountain paths
 The glittering hosts increase—
 They come ! They come ! How fair their feet
 They come who publish peace.

And victory, fair victory,
 Our enemies are ours !
 For all the clouds are clasped in light
 And all the earth with flowers.

Aye, still depressed and dim with dew ;
 But wait a little while,
 And with the radiant deathless rose
 The wilderness shall smile.

And every tender, living thing
 Shall feed by streams of rest ;
 Nor lamb shall from the flock be lost,
 Nor nursling from the nest.

. —*John Ruskin.*

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YOUTH

What wind is it that stirs
Lighter than gossamers,
In the pines, in the firs ?

The Wind of Youth it blows
From Yesterdays, Long Agoes,
Under the rose, the rose.

What song is it he sings ?
What news is it he brings
Of old, of beloved things ?

The Wind of Youth is young ;
He goes with a careless song :
No years have done him wrong.

The Wind of Youth is sad.
Nay, he is merry and glad
With the heart of a lad, a lad.

By the Wind of Youth and its word,
Like the song of a fairy bird,
The secret springs are stirred.

AGE

O Wind of Youth in the tree,
Go by, nor trouble me
With news of the lost country,

That all so heavenly shows
Under the rose, the rose,
Where none returns, none goes.

—*Katharine Tynan.*

When youth and age are paired in authority, is there any lyre or any flute that will produce so sweet a harmony or so nicely blended? For the qualities of old age will be associated with those of youth, with the result that old age will gain in strength and youth in discipline.

—*Apollonius of Tyana.*

YOUTH'S DEFIANCE

If you dam up the river of Progress—
At your peril and cost let it be !
That river must seaward despite you—
'Twill break down your dams and be free !

And we heed not the pitiful barriers
That you in its way have downcast ;
For your efforts but add to the torrent,
Whose flood must o'erwhelm you at last !

For our banner is raised and unfurled,
 At your head our defiance is hurled;
 Our cry is the cry of the Ages,
 Our hope is the hope of the World !
—*E. Nesbit.*

THE CRY OF YOUTH

A little more kindness,
 A little less creed.
 A little more giving,
 A little less greed.
 A little more smile,
 A little less frown.
 A little less kicking
 A man when he's down.
 A little more we,
 A little less I.
 A little more laugh,
 A little less cry.
 A little more flowers
 On the pathway of life,
 And fewer on graves
 At the end of the strife.

REVOLT

Comrades, to arms !
 Youth's clarion ringing,
 Its loud challenge flinging,
 Sounds afar !

Lift up your hearts !
 Light's children, waking,
 Night's black fetters breaking,
 Leap to war !
 We will no longer brook the chain
 Tyrants' blind thought has riven round
 us !
 Comrades, to arms !
 Though slaves have bound us,
 Courage has crowned us,
 Free again !
 Now we arise !
 We smite asunder
 Bars that keep under
 Life and joy !
 Time-rotten creeds
 That now would soil us
 Of valour despoil us
 We destroy !
 Weaklings and fools dominion feign,
 Dotards with empty pomp ensnaring.
 Now we arise,
 Truth's falchions baring,
 Our might declaring,
 And will reign !

—James L. R. Hale.

YOUTH TO THE RESCUE

Make speed to take our places,
Brave children of mankind,
Lift up your sunlit faces,
Restore to earth fresh graces
Of heart and soul and mind ;
For we are old and falter,
Our vision waxes dim,
Our lips have now no psalter,
Our heart has lost her altar,
Our soul forgets his hymn,
We tremble, doubt, and palter ;
Make speed to save mankind.

Bring back the glad elation
Of dawns that burn with joy,
The hope that is laudation,
The faith that all Creation
Is singing like a boy ;
For courage, trust and gladness
Must fill man's toiling breath
To save the Earth from madness,
To end despairing sadness,
And pluck the world from death :
Make speed with hope and gladness :
Make speed to save mankind.

—*Harold Begbie.*

PASS IT BY

Some one said a word untrue ?

Pass it by ;

Do not let it worry you—

Pass it by ;

Just find something good to do,

Keep life's pleasant things in view ;

Gray skies will give place to blue,

If you pass it by, dear.

Some one said a word unkind ?

Pass it by ;

Just dismiss it from your mind—

Pass it by ;

Place yourself secure behind

Pleasant thoughts, and you will find

Life's dark clouds with sunshine lined—

If you pass it by, dear.

—*Benjamin B. Keech.*

TROUBLE'S STRONG FRONT

Trouble has a trick of coming

Butt end first ;

Viewed approaching, then you've seen it

At the worst.

Once surmounted, straight it waxes

Ever small,

And it tapers till there's nothing

Left at all.

. So where'er a difficulty
 May impend,
 Just remember you are facing
 The butt end ;
 And that looking back upon it,
 Like as not,
 You will marvel at beholding
 Just a dot.
 —*Edwin L. Sabin* (" The World Chronicle ").

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THE OLDEST WORKER IN THE WORLD

I hear a shout beyond the hills
 And laughter in the sky ;
 I stop ; I stare ; I cry " Who's there ? "
 But no one makes reply.
 There is no sign of man or boy
 In all the world about,
 And yet I hear that laughter clear
 And quiver at that shout.

Who plays this sorry trick on me
 When all my world is drear ?
 My soul replies : " Man, use your eyes :
 It's Life, the pioneer !
 It's Life, who is for ever young
 Because he will not stay,
 But thrusts along with laugh and song
 To find God's chosen way."

Farewell to all my doubts and fears !
 Farewell to all my woe !
 These feet shall run from sun to sun
 Wherever Life may go ;
 I, too, will scale the peaks of toil
 And shout the song of youth ;
 With Life allied I claim the pride,
 I, too, of seeking Truth.

—*Harold Begbie.*

A HYMN FOR CHILDREN

Teacher of men and of Angels, Oh, hearken,
 Light of the World, in Thy splendour be near,
 Let not the shadows of ignorance darken
 Souls of Thy little ones praising Thee here.
 Lord of Compassion, Oh, smile on our daytime !
 Thou art its radiance, and Thine may it be ;
 Guard us and keep us at work and in playtime,
 And when we sleep may we waken in Thee.
 Bless all our teachers, defend and uphold them,
 Fill them with wisdom, Thy patience impart ;
 When they are weary, then shelter and fold them,
 Teacher of teachers, at rest in Thy heart.
 Master, beside Thee the strongest and wisest
 Are but as children, unknowing and weak,
 Greatest and least of us, none Thou despisest,
 Hear us and help us, great Lord whom we seek.

Thou of the World art the Helper and Lover,
 Deep are its needs and its longings to-day.
 Gleam through the darkness, Thy glory discover,
 Lord, Thou hast promised. Come quickly,
 we pray.

—*Rev. C. W. Scott-Moncrieff* (in the
 “S. Alban’s Hymnal”).

IT’S SOMETIMES HARD

To apologise.
 To begin over again.
 To take advice.
 To admit error.
 To face a sneer.
 To be charitable.
 To endure success.
 To avoid mistakes.
 To keep on trying.
 To obey conscience.
 To profit by mistakes.
 To keep out of a rut.
 To forgive and forget.
 To think and then act.
 To shoulder deserved blame.
 To dispute underhandedness.
 To make the best of a little.
 To subdue an unruly temper.

To maintain a high standard.
 To recognise the silver lining.
 To accept just rebuke gracefully.
 To smile in the face of adversity.
 To value character above reputation.
 To discriminate between sham and the
 real.

BUT IT ALWAYS PAYS

TRUE GREATNESS

The fairest action of our human life
 Is scorning to revenge an injury :
 For who forgives without a further strife
 His adversary's heart to him doth tie :
 And 'tis a firmer conquest, truly said,
 To win the heart, than overthrow the head.

If we a worthy enemy do find,
 To yield to worth, it must be nobly done :
 But if of baser metal be his mind,
 In base revenge there is no honour won.
 Who would a worthy courage overthrow ?
 And who would wrestle with a worthless foe ?

—*Lady Elizabeth Carew.*

SONG OF YOUTH

The streets of Florence changed beneath the sun
 When Giovinezza set her mystic seal
 Of melody upon the air—I feel
 The youthful voices have their guerdon won ;
 Of glowing threads their fiery theme is spun
 That daring cry of joy that would reveal
 The onward path of truth with love's appeal ;
 That cry of youth, a renaissance begun.
 A chord is struck alive and quivering
 Against my soul ; which soon will thunder past
 The outward verge of every land ; will cry
 The glory of Italia ; will sing
 The flowering of her hope ; in song forecast
 A golden day of beauty drawing nigh !
—Edith Burr.

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A CALL TO THE GREAT GAME OF
SCOUTING

Where are the men to lead to-day,
 Sparing an hour or two,
 Teaching the lads the game to play
 Just as a man should do ?
 Village and slums are calling Come,
 Here are the boys, indeed,
 Who can tell what they might become
 If only the men will lead ?

Where are the men to lend a hand ?
 Echo it far and wide,
 Men who will rise in every land,
 Bridging the " Great Divide,"
 Nation and flag and goal unite
 Joining each class and creed ;
 Here are the boys who *would* do right,
 But *where* are the men to lead ?

MY TASK

[There is no home which will not be better for a touch of the spirit of these words from the popular song by Maude Louise Fry.]

To love someone more dearly every day,
 To help a wandering child to find his way,
 To ponder o'er a noble thought, and pray,
 And smile when evening falls :
 This is my task.

To follow truth as blind men long for light,
 To do my best from dawn of day till night,
 To keep my heart fit for His holy sight,
 And answer when He calls :
 This is my task.

THE CAMEL'S HUMP

The camel's hump is an ugly lump
 Which well you may see at the Zoo ;
 But uglier yet is the hump we get
 From having too little to do.
 Kiddies and grown-ups, too-oo-oo,
 If we haven't enough to do-oo-oo,
 We get the hump,
 The cameelious hump,
 The hump that is black and blue.
 —*Rudyard Kipling.*

BE STRONG !

Be strong !
 We are not here to play, to dream, to drift ;
 We have hard work to do and loads to lift.
 Shun not the struggle ; face it. 'Tis God's gift.

Be strong !
 Say not the days are evil. Who's to blame ?
 And fold the hands and acquiesce. Oh ! Shame.
 Stand up, speak out and bravely, in God's Name.

Be strong !
 It matters not how deep entrenched the wrong,
 How hard the battle goes, the day how long,
 Faint not ; fight on. To-morrow comes the song.
 —*Maltbie D. Babcock.*

MEN AND DEEDS

Wanted Men.

Not system fit and wise,
 Not faith with rigid eyes,
 Not wealth in mountains piled,
 Not power with gracious smile,
 Not even the potent pen.

*Wanted Men.**Wanted Deeds.*

Not words of winning note,
 Not thoughts from life remote,
 Not fond religious airs,
 Not sweetly languid prayers,
 Not softly scented creeds.

*Wanted Deeds.**Men and Deeds.*

They that can dare and do,
 Not longing for the new,
 Not prating of the old,
 Good life and actions bold,
 These the occasion needs.

Men and Deeds.

THE IDEAL KNIGHT

In other days men joined themselves in such an
 Order as King Arthur's "Table Round" to protect

the weak, to shelter the unhappy, to serve their King, to set in their own persons an example of knightly living. The Ideal Knight is strong, brave, truthful, tender, courteous, self-controlled. He never raises his hand against one weaker than himself, nor takes an unfair advantage of another, nor speaks ill of the absent, nor is unfaithful to a friend.

Honour is his watchword, and gentleness his ornament. He is helpful and considerate, especially to the weak; is fearless in danger, compassionate in triumph, forgiving when wronged, kind to the child and the animal.

Such an ideal must you set before you. Every day remember the old motto of chivalry:

“Do thy duty, let come what may.”

Be reverent to true greatness, admire what is noble, shun what is base. So shall the blessing of the King be upon you and the Light of the Teacher shall guide you.

—*Annie Besant.*

THE CHILD JESUS

[A little Christian child addresses the following words to the Child Jesus. Our readers will agree, we feel sure, that it is a touchingly beautiful poem. A Hindu might regard it as addressed to the Child Krishna. It was written by the poet, Francis Thompson.]

Little Jesus, wast Thou shy
 Once, and just so small as I ?
 And what did it feel like to be
 Out of heaven and just like me ?
 Didst Thou sometimes think of THERE,
 And wonder where the angels were ?
 I should think that I would cry
 For My house all made of sky ;
 I would look about the air,
 And wonder where my angels were.
 And at waking 'twould distress me,
 Not an angel there to dress me !
 Hadst Thou ever any toys,
 Like us little girls and boys ?
 And didst Thou play in Heaven with all
 The angels that were not too tall,
 With stars for marbles ? Did the things
 Play " Can you see me ? " through their
 wings ?
 And did Thy Mother let Thee spoil
 Thy robes with playing on OUR soil ?
 How nice to have them always new
 In Heaven because 'twas all clean blue !

Didst Thou kneel at night to pray,
 And didst Thou join Thy hands this way ?
 And did they tire sometimes, being young,
 And make the prayer seem very long ?

And dost Thou like it best that we
Should join our hands and pray to Thee ?
I used to think, before I knew,
The prayer not said unless we do.

Did Thy mother at the night
Kiss Thee and fold Thy clothes in right ?
And didst Thou feel quite good in bed,
Kissed and sweet and Thy prayers said ?

Thou canst not have forgotten all
That it feels like to be small,
And Thou knowest I cannot pray
To Thee in my father's way.
When Thou wast so little, say,
Couldst Thou talk Thy Father's way ?
So, a little child, come down,
And hear a child's tongue like Thy own.
Take me by the hand and walk,
And listen to my Baby talk.
To Thy Father show my prayer
(He will look, Thou art so fair !)
And say : " O Father, I, Thy Son,
Bring the prayer of a little one."
And He will smile, that children's tongue,
Has not changed since Thou wast young.

—*Francis Thompson*..

MY CREED

To live as gently as I can,
 To be, no matter where, a man;
 To take what comes of good or ill;
 To cling to faith and honour still;
 To do my best and let that stand
 The record of my brain and hand.
 And then should failure come to me,
 Still work and hope for victory :

To have no secret place wherein
 I stoop unseen to shame or sin ;
 To be the same when I'm alone
 As when my every deed is known,
 To live undaunted, unafraid
 Of any step that I have made ;
 To be without pretence or shame,
 Exactly what men think I am.

—*The Builder.*

CITIZENSHIP

. . . . Some American Schools hang on their
 walls the following " Oath of the Athenian Youth ".
 Every one of our Young Citizens might well try to
 live in the noble spirit it embodies :

We will never bring disgrace to this our City by any act of dishonesty or cowardice, nor ever desert our suffering comrades in the ranks; we will fight for the ideals and sacred things of the City, both alone and with many; we will revere and obey the City's laws and do our best to incite a like respect and reverence in those above us who are prone to annul or set them at naught; we will strive unceasingly to quicken the public's sense of civic duty; thus in all these ways we will transmit this City, not only not less but greater, better, and more beautiful than it was when transmitted to us.

May every one of our readers say this Oath in his life, whether he says it with his lips or not. The idea of "this our City" was the creator of Athens, the model "City State" of early Europe. Around the Young Citizens of Athens, even above them, as the words of the Oath imply, were men who did not respect and reverence the City's laws. Without such respect and reverence, no City, no Nation can be great. This respect and reverence give to the true Citizen a self-respect and a dignity which the lawless and the disorderly can never have. They mean self-control, self-restraint, such as was once the dominant characteristic of the great Aryan Race, of which the Greeks were the fourth branch, the characteristic of which was Dharma, Duty, that which supports, the foundation of every State which can live. Because, through all invasions and all troubles, the bulk of Indians have ever recognised Dharma as supreme, India has lived and will live. That same reverence for Law passed to her Greek, Roman and Teutonic children, and when it weakened

their States died. That same reverence for Law is the root of British Liberty and British strength.

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The Ideal of the State among the Greeks was a very lofty one. It comes out strongly in the following :

“Organised Society exists for the happiness and the welfare of its members, and where it fails to secure these it stands *ipso facto* condemned. ‘Government exists only for the good of the governed.’” So said Pythagoras, preaching on the hill at Tauromenion, and the phrase has echoed down the centuries, and has become the watchword of those who are seeking the betterment of social conditions. Only when the good of the governed is sought and secured, does the State deserve the eloquent description with which the great Greek Teacher closed one of his lectures to the Greek Colony of Naxos, whose Citizens were gathered round Him on the hill :

“Listen, my children, to what the State should be to the good Citizen. It is more than father or mother, it is more than husband or wife, it is more than child or friend. The State is the father and mother of all, is the wife of the husband, and the husband of the wife. The family is good, and good is the joy of the man in wife and in son. But greater is the State, which is the Protector of all, without which the home would be ravaged and

destroyed. Dear to the good man is the honour of the woman who bore him, dear the honour of the wife, whose children cling to his knees ; but dearer should be the honour of the State, that keeps safe the wife and the child. It is the State from which comes all that makes your life prosperous, and gives you beauty and safety. Within the State are built up the Arts, which make the difference between the barbarian and the man. If the brave man dies gladly for the hearth-stone, far more gladly should he die for the State."

* * *

Such is the ideal of the State that we would urge on our Young Citizens. The State should not be to them a cold abstraction, but a pulsing, throbbing Life, to be loved and served with enthusiasm, with passion, with uttermost self-sacrifice. When this spirit is embodied in the coming generation, the future of the Aryan Empire will be secure.

—*Annie Besant.*

Where the mind is without fear and the head is held high ;
 Where knowledge is free :
 Where the world has not been broken up into fragments by narrow domestic walls ;
 Where words come out from the depth of truth ;
 Where tireless striving stretches its arms towards perfection ;

Where the clear stream of reason has not lost its
 way in the dreary desert sand of dead habit ;
 Where the mind is led forward by thee into ever-
 widening thought and action—
 Into that heaven of freedom, my Father, let my
 country awake.

—*Rabindranath Tagore.*

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BATTLE HYMN OF THE REPUBLIC¹

Mine eyes have seen the glory of the coming of
 the Lord ;
 He is trampling out the vintage where the grapes
 of wrath are stored ;
 He hath loosed the fateful lightning of His terrible
 swift sword :
 His truth is marching on.

I have seen Him in the watch-fires of a hundred
 circling camps ;
 They have builded Him an altar in the evening
 dews and damps ;
 I can see His righteous sentence by the dim and
 flaring lamps :
 His day is marching on.

¹ In the Civil War, U.S.A.

I have read a fiery gospel writ in rows of burnished
steel :

“ As ye deal with my contemners, so with you My
grace shall deal,”

Let the hero, born of woman, crush the serpent
with his heel,
Since God is marching on.

He has sounded forth the trumpet that shall never
call retreat ;

He is sifting out the hearts of men before His
judgment seat :

Oh, be swift, my soul, to answer Him, be jubilant,
my feet :

Our God is marching on.

In the beauty of the lilies Christ was born across
the sea,

With a glory in His bosom that transfigures you
and me ;

As He died to make men holy, let us die to make
men free,

While God is marching on.

THE SPEECH AT GETTYSBURG

Fourscore and seven years ago, our fathers
brought forth on this continent a new nation, con-
ceived in liberty and dedicated to the proposition

that all men are created equal. Now we are engaged in a great civil war, testing whether that nation, or any nation, so conceived and so dedicated, can long endure. We are met on a great battle-field of that war. We have come to dedicate a portion of it as a final resting-place for those who here gave their lives that that nation might live. It is altogether fitting and proper that we should do this.

But in a larger sense we cannot dedicate, we cannot consecrate, we cannot hallow, this ground. The brave men, living and dead, who struggled here, have consecrated it far above our poor power to add or to detract. The world will little note nor long remember what we say here, but it can never forget what they did here. It is for us, the living, rather, to be dedicated here to the unfinished work which they who fought here have thus far so nobly advanced. It is rather for us to be here dedicated to the great task remaining before us—that from these honoured dead we take increased devotion to that cause for which they here gave the last full measure of devotion—that we here highly resolve that these dead shall not have died in vain, that this nation, under God, shall have a new birth of freedom, and that government of the people, by the people, for the people, shall not perish from the earth.

—*Abraham Lincoln, 1863.*

THE MOTHERLAND

Here's to the land of our thoughts and our
dreams,

Here's to the sky that bends o'er her

Here's to her mountains, her rivers, her streams,

And here's to her Future before her !

Chorus the strain,

Swell the refrain,

And pledge to our country again and again !

Here's to the heroes and sages whose fame

So brightly illumines her story ;

Here's to each thinker and worker whose name

Shall add a new ray to her glory !

Chorus the strain, etc.

Here's to her brave men who do and who dare

Whate'er befits honour and duty ;

Here's to her daughters so good and so fair,

Renowned for their virtue and beauty !

Chorus the strain, etc.

Here's to her race that shall live to the last,

The world's brightest story adorning ;

A race that shall flourish when others have
passed

From earth like a mist of the morning.

Chorus the strain, etc.

—*T. D. Sullivan* (Originally written of Ireland).

AN ANTHEM OF LOVE

(TO INDIA)

Two hands are we to serve thee, O our Mother,
 To strive and succour, cherish and unite ;
 Two feet are we to cleave the waning darkness,
 And gain the pathways of the dawning light.

Two ears are we to catch the nearing echo,
 The sounding cheer of Time's prophetic horn ;
 Two eyes are we to reap the crescent glory,
 The radiant promise of nascent morn.

One heart are we to love thee, O our Mother,
 One undivided, indivisible soul,
 Bound by one hope, one purpose, one devotion,
 Towards a great, divinely-destined goal.

—*Sarojini Naidu.*

THE SEARCH FOR GOD

Men have sought for God in many ways, but have not found Him, because they sought amiss. They sought Him in forest and jungle, in desert and cave ; they sought Him through austerity and self-torture, through knowledge and argument, but He ever escaped them. In one place only can He surely be found, never to be lost again, and that is a place

beyond emotion and intellect, in the depths of your own Spirit, who verily is He. There He abides ever, in the Cave of the Heart, the Hidden God, the Light beyond the darkness, the Eternal, who is Strength and Love and Beauty. Find Him there, and you will thereafter see Him everywhere, in every human being, in every animal, in every plant, in every mineral, in the blue depths of all encircling space, in joy and sorrow, in delight and in agony, even in the darkness of evil and of shame. Worship Him in all beings ; serve Him in all needs ; feed Him in the hungry ; teach Him in the ignorant ; love Him in the unloving ; make your life His temple, and your acts His sacrifice. Then shall your eyes one day behold the KING in HIS beauty, the highest manifestation of God on earth, and you shall grow into Man made perfect, Man Divine.

—*Annie Besant.*

FRET NOT THYSELF

(Paraphrase of the 37th Psalm)

Fret not thyself, O troubled soul,
 Because some men of guile succeed ;
 Nor envy those who gain control
 By cringing wile and crafty deed :
 They shall be cut down like the grass,
 And as the stubble they shall pass.

Trust thou the promise of the Lord,
 Nor in His righteous service tire ;
 He will not fail to keep His word,
 He shall give thee thy heart's desire :
 Commit thy ways unto His will
 And He shall all thy dreams fulfil.

God is the final judge of men,
 And He shall bring the truth to light ;
 Go thou thy way in patience, then,
 And still be true to what is right :
 The Lord shall yet thy worth proclaim
 And put thy enemies to shame.

Fret not, O tired and troubled soul,
 Nor envy men of craft and guile ;
 Hold thou thine anger in control,
 They flourish but a little while ;
 Yea, thou shalt look for them in vain—
 The righteous only shall remain.

—*J. Lewis Milligan* ("The Graphic," London).

THE ASCENT OF MAN

Have you been down to the depths,
 Down to the depths of despair,
 Far as man's spirit can fall,
 Far from the light and the air ;
 Tasted defeat to the dregs,
 Emptied the chalice of care ?
 Have you been down to the depths,
 Depths of despair ?

Yea ; even now I am there
 Hidden the merciful skies,
 Broken the dreams of my soul,
 Drowned all the joy in my eyes.
 Ah, but within me a voice,
 Something unbeaten, that cries :
 " Out of the depths of despair
 I shall arise ! "

—*Harold Begbie.*

HOPE

Say not the struggle nought availeth,
 The labour and the wounds are vain,
 The enemy faints not, nor faileth,
 And as things have been they remain.

If hopes were dupes, fears may be liars ;
 It may be, in yon smoke concealed,
 Your comrades chase e'en now the fliers,
 And, but for you, possess the field.

For while the tired waves, vainly breaking,
 Seem here no painful inch to gain,
 Far back, through creeks and inlets making,
 Comes silent, flooding in, the main.

And not by eastern windows only,
 When daylight comes, comes in the light,
 In front, the sun climbs slow, how slowly,
 But westward, look, the land is bright.
 —*Arthur Hugh Clough.*

THE PATH

Not afar

The Great Ones stand and watch us. They look
 down
 With ever-near Compassion : They have known
 The travail of our searching, and the pain
 Of all our vain self-seeking, for *Their* Feet
 Have trod the selfsame pathway. Where *we* stand,
 There have *They* also stood in ages past,
 Striving still upward ; and upon the heights
 Wherefrom *They* now behold us, *we*, some day,
 Shall stand and pour Compassion unto those
 Now far beneath us.

So the Law of Love

Draws ever slowly onward to its goal
 The Heart of Love in all men.
 Love, strong Love,
 Is Lord of all the pathway unto Peace.

None can prevail without him ; by his aid
 All ways are opened. Enter ye the gate,
 And tread the narrow pathway. Hard it is,
 Beset with thorns and pitfalls, but it leads
 To peace beyond man's thinking, and to Him
 Whose Name is All-Compassion.

—*F. G. Pearce.*

HOPE IN FAILURE

Though now thou hast failed and art fallen, despair
 not because of defeat,
 Though lost for a while be thy heaven and weary
 of earth be thy feet,
 For all will be beauty about thee hereafter through
 sorrowful years,
 And lovely the dew for thy chilling and ruby thy
 heart-drip of tears.

The eyes that had gazed from afar on a beauty
 that blinded the eyes
 Shall call forth its image for ever, its shadow in
 alien skies.

The heart that had striven to beat in the heart of
 the Mighty too soon
 Shall still of that beating remember some errant
 and faltering tune.

For thou hast but fallen to gather the last of the
 secrets of power ;
 The beauty that breathes in thy spirit shall shape
 of thy sorrow a flower,
 The pale bud of pity shall open the bloom of its
 tenderest rays,
 The heart of whose shining is bright with the light
 of the Ancient of Days.

FAILURES

When we have striven hard 'gainst odds for us too
 great
 And failed to maintain endeavour's high estate,
 Though men deride our fall and point with
 scorning hands,
 The Master knows—knows all, and under-
 stands.

When wandering in search of false elusive bliss
 We stumble helplessly into that dark abyss
 Where sense's rule holds sway ; though men cry out
 our shame,
 He knows, He understands, He does not blame.
 Yea, though through our offence they take His
 name in vain
 And loud-voiced fools and knaves the holiest pro-
 fane
 Our all too late remorse His strength to bear He
 lends
 Because He knows—knows all, and comprehends.

Such failures in His eyes are steps by which we
 climb
 From death and darkest night to light and life
 sublime ;
 Each outward-seeming fall our inner strength
 expands ;
 He knows our efforts, and He understands.

—D. H. S.

THE PAST

Let us forget the things that vexed and tried us,
 The worrying things that caused our souls to
 fret ;
 The hopes that, cherished long, were still denied us,
 Let us forget.

Let us forget the little slights that pained us,
 The greater wrongs that rankle sometimes yet ;
 The pride with which some lofty one disdained us,
 Let us forget.

Let us forget our brother's fault and failing,
 The yielding to temptation that beset,
 That he, perchance, though grief be unavailing,
 Cannot forget.

But blessings manifold, and past deserving,
 Kind words and helpful deeds, a countless throng ;
 The fault o'ercome, the rectitude unswerving,
 Let us remember long.

The sacrifice of love, the generous living,
 When friends were few, the hand clasp warm
 and strong,
 The fragrance of each life of holy living,
 Let us remember long.

Whatever things were good and true and gracious,
 Whate'er of right has triumphed over wrong,
 What love of God or man has rendered precious,
 Let us remember long.

—*Susan E. Gammons.*

UPHILL

Does the road wind uphill all the way ?
 Yes, to the very end.
 Will the journey take the whole long day ?
 From morn to night my friend.

But is there for the night a resting-place ?
 A roof for when the slow, dark hours begin.
 May not the darkness hide it from my face ?
 You cannot miss that inn.

Shall I meet other wayfarers at night ?
 Those who have gone before.
 Then must I knock, or call when just in sight ?
 They will not keep you waiting at that door.

Shall I find comfort, travel-sore and weak ?
 Of labour you shall find the sum.
 Will there be beds for me and all who seek ?
 Yea, beds for all who come.
 —*Christina Georgina Rossetti.*

Then, welcome each rebuff
 That turns earth's smoothness rough,
 Each sting that bids not sit nor stand but go !
 Be our joys three-parts pain !
 Strive, nor hold cheap the strain ;
 Learn, nor account the pang ; dare, never grudge
 the throe !
 —*Browning* (" Rabbi ben Ezra ").

THE FIVE STAGES

A child-soul in God's school—the school of Life—
 For earth's bright toys I fought with bitter
 strife ;
I want it was my being's only law ;
 The SELF I sought in grasping all I saw.

 Growing a little older by and by,
 My ears were opened to my brother's cry ;
Let us then share it now began to rule,
 And self-expression was my task at school.

I grew to love my brother more each day
 And found a deeper joy when I could say
O, let me help you, even at the price
 Of pain and suffering, in self-sacrifice.

Now harder tasks must test my growing strength
 The Master waits, and I must learn at length,
 Surrendering self, no action's fruit to claim,
 Yet all things to perform *In His dear Name*.

Beyond e'en this a higher stage remains
 Bringing a bliss which cancels all the pains;
 These final words, when SELF at last is found,
Not I but God—the Father shall resound.

—D. H. S.

INVICTUS

Out of the night that covers me
 Black as the pit from pole to pole
 I thank whatever gods may be
 For my unconquerable soul.

In the fell clutch of circumstance
 I have not winced nor cried aloud
 Under the bludgeonings of chance
 My head is bloody, but unbowed.

Beyond this place of wrath and tears
 Looms but the Horror of the shade,
 And yet the menace of the years
 Finds and shall find me unafraid.

It matters not how strait the gate,
 How charged with punishment the scroll,
 I am the master of my fate :
 I am the captain of my soul.

—*William Ernest Henley.*

Thoughts hardly to be packed
 Into a narrow act,
 Fancies that broke through language and
 escaped ;
 All I could never be,
 All men ignored in me,
 This I was worth to God, whose wheel the
 pitcher shaped.

—*Browning* (" Rabbi ben Ezra ").

IF—

If you can keep your head when all about you
 Are losing theirs and blaming it on you ;
 If you can trust yourself when all men doubt you,
 But make allowance for their doubting too ;
 If you can wait and not be tired by waiting,
 Or being lied about, don't deal in lies,
 Or being hated don't give way to hating,
 And yet don't look too good, nor talk too wise.

If you can dream—and not make dreams your
 master;
 If you can think—and not make thoughts your
 aim,
 If you can meet with triumph or disaster
 And treat those two impostors just the same;
 If you can bear to hear the truth you've spoken
 Twisted by knaves to make a trap for fools,
 Or watch the things you gave your life to,
 broken,
 And stoop and build 'em up with worn out tools.

If you can make one heap of all your winnings
 And risk it on one turn of pitch and toss,
 And lose, and start again at your beginnings
 And never breathe a word about your loss;
 If you can force your heart and nerve and sinew
 To serve your turn long after they are gone,
 And so hold on when there is nothing in you
 Except the Will which says to them: "Hold on!"

If you can talk with crowds and keep your
 virtue,
 Or walk with kings nor lose the common touch,
 If neither foes nor loving friends can hurt you,
 If all men count with you but none too much,
 If you can fill the unforgiving minute,
 With sixty seconds worth of distance run

Yours is the earth—and every thing that's in it,
 And—which is more—you'll be a Man, my son !
 —*Rudyard Kipling* (" Rewards and Fairies ").

A king once said of a prince struck down :
 "Taller he seems in death."
 And this speech holds truth, for now as then,
 'Tis after death that we measure men ;
 And as rise the mists that glorious deeds conceal,
 Our heroes who died for King and Country's
 weal,
 Grow " taller " and greater in all their parts,
 Till they fill our minds as they fill our hearts.
 And for those who lament them, there's this
 relief—
 That Glory sits by the side of Grief.
 Yes, they grow " taller " as years pass by,
 And the world learns how they could do and die.
—*J. B. Hope.*

When earth's last picture is painted,
 And the tubes are twisted and dried,
 When the oldest colours have faded,
 And the youngest critic has died,
 We shall rest, and, faith, we shall need it,
 Lie down for an æon or two,
 Till the Master of all good workmen
 Shall call us to work anew.

And those that are good shall be happy,
 They shall sit in a golden chair,
 And splash at a ten-leagued canvas,
 With brushes of comet's hair ;
 They shall have real saints to draw from—
 Magdalen, Peter and Paul—
 They shall work for an age at a sitting,
 And never be tired at all.

And none but the Master shall praise them,
 And none but the Master shall blame,
 And no one shall work for money,
 And no one shall work for fame ;
 But each for the joy of the working,
 And each in his separate star,
 Shall paint the thing as he sees it,
 For the God of things as they are.
—Rudyard Kipling.

NO SURRENDER !

Like some hero of the ocean,
 Like some warrior of the field,
 Fight the fight of faith and freedom,
 Fight till death and never yield !

CHORUS. " No surrender, no surrender ! "
Ever be our battle-cry ;
 No surrender ! no surrender !
Win the fight, or die.

Evil deeds are all around you,
 Evil thoughts come in your breast
 Face them all with heart unflinching,
 Fight, and leave to God the rest.
 No surrender ! etc.

Though the world deride and mock you,
 Nail your colours to the mast !
 God's own strength will fight within you,
 Till the strife is overpast.
 No surrender ! etc.

Fierce temptations will assail you,
 Sins of greed and sins of lust ;
 Show that ye are God's own freemen,
 Strike the tyrants to the dust !
 No surrender ! etc.

So your soul shall grow in greatness,
 Grow in light and liberty ;
 God's own Peace shall dwell within you,
 God's own Truth shall make you free.
 No surrender ! no surrender !
 Ever be our battle-cry ;
 No surrender ! no surrender !
 Win the fight, or die.

—*Colin Sterne.*

Poor soul, the centre of my sinful earth,
 Fool'd by those rebel powers that thee array,
 Why dost thou pine within, and suffer dearth,
 Painting thy outward walls so costly gay ?
 Why so large cost, having so short a lease,
 Dost thou upon thy fading mansion spend ?
 Shall worms, inheritors of this excess,
 Eat up thy charge ? Is this thy body's end ?
 Then, soul, live thou upon thy servant's loss,
 And let that pine to aggravate thy store ;
 Buy terms divine in selling hours of dross ;
 Within be fed, without be rich no more :
 So shalt thou feed on Death, that feeds on
 men,
 And, Death once dead, there's no more
 dying then.

—*Shakespeare* (146th Sonnet).

THE TOYS

My little Son, who look'd from thoughtful eyes
 And moved and thought in quiet grown-up wise,
 Having my law the seventh time disobey'd,
 I struck him and dismiss'd
 With hard words and unkiss'd,
 —His Mother, who was patient being dead.
 Then, fearing lest his grief should hinder sleep,
 I visited his bed,

But found him slumbering deep,
 With darken'd eyelids, and their lashes yet
 From his late sobbing wet.
 And I, with moan,
 Kissing away his tears, left others of my own ;
 For, on a table drawn beside his head,
 He had put, within his reach,
 A box of counters and a red-vein'd stone,
 A piece of glass abraded by the beach,
 And six or seven shells '
 A bottle with bluebells,
 And two French coins, ranged there with careful
 art,
 To comfort his sad heart,
 So when that night I pray'd
 To God, I wept and said :
 Ah, when at last we lie with trancèd breath,
 Not vexing Thee in death,
 And Thou rememberest of what toys
 We made our joys,
 How weakly understood
 Thy great commanded good,
 Then, fatherly not less
 Than I whom Thou hast moulded from the clay,
 Thou'lt leave Thy wrath, and say :
 " I will be sorry for their childishness."

—*Coventry Patmore.*

THE SPIRIT OF A TREE

There's something in a noble tree—
 What shall I say ? A soul ?
 For 'tis not form, or aught we see
 In leaf or branch or bole.
 Some presence, tho' not understood,
 Dwells there always, and seems
 To be acquainted with our mood,
 And mingles in our dreams.
 I would not say that trees at all
 Were of our blood and race,
 Yet, lingering where their shadows fall,
 I sometimes think I trace
 A kinship, whose far reaching root
 Grew when the world began,
 And made them best of all things mute
 To be the friends of man.

—*Author Unknown.*

 TRUST IN GOD, AND DO THE RIGHT

At the sunrise of the day
 When all forms are bathed in light,
 Trust in God and do the right.

In the trials of the day,
Or when hope seems far from bright
Trust in God and do the right.

At the noontide of the day
When the sun pours forth its might
Trust in God and do the right.

When success crowns all good work
And true love finds pure delight
Trust in God and do the right.

At the evening of the day
When from earth creeps waning light
Trust in God and do the right.

Then throughout the silent night
Comrade dear, with all thy might
Trust in God and do the right.

—*Lone Scout.*

DISARMAMENT

“Put up the sword!” The voice of Christ once
more
Speaks, in the pauses of the cannon’s roar . . .
O men and brothers! let that voice be heard.
War fails, try peace; put up the useless sword!

Fear not the end. There is a story told
 In Eastern tents, when autumn nights grow
 cold,
 And round the fire the Mongol shepherds sit
 With grave responses listening unto it :
 Once, on the errands of His mercy bent,
 Buddha, the holy and benevolent,
 Met a fell monster, huge and fierce of look,
 Whose awful voice the hills and forests shook.
 " O Son of Peace ! " the giant cried, " thy fate
 Is sealed at last, and love shall yield to hate."
 The un-armed Buddha, looking with no trace
 Of fear or anger, in the monster's face,
 In pity said : " Poor fiend, even thee I love."
 Lo ! as he spake the sky-tall terror sank
 To hand-breadth size ; the huge abhorrence
 shrank
 Into the form and fashion of a dove ;
 And where the thunder of its rage was heard,
 Circling above him sweetly sang the bird :
 " Hate hath no harm for love," so ran the song ;
 " And peace un-weaponed conquers every wrong ! "

—J. G. Whittier.

" SKILL IN ACTION "

Thousands of novelists have made much of a man's
 relation to his loves, of his relation to society in the

social sense, of his reaction against his surrounding, parents, education; Mr. Kipling has celebrated in story after story a man's relation to his job—the romance of that commonest of all love-affairs or hate-affairs. And in examining that relation he has always viewed the job itself (excepting, of course, his bias towards the military and Imperial) with a noble imaginative impartiality: it is not to the nature of the job, which may be humble, he looks, but to the relation of the man towards it.

The best verses in the book, to our mind, are those which occur at the end of the little story of Ottley and the broken-down engine. It is called "Nurses".

.

When, at the head of the grade, tumultuous out of
the cutting,
Pours the belated Express, roars at the night, and
draws clear,
Redly obscured or displayed by her fire-door's
opening and shutting—
Symbol of strength under stress—what does her
small engineer?
Clamour and darkness encircle his way. Do they
deafen or blind him?
No!—nor the pace he must keep. He, being used
to these things,
Placidly follows his work, which is laying his
mileage behind him,
While his passengers trustfully sleep, and he, as
he handles her, sings!

When, with the gale at her heel, the barque lies
down and recovers—

Rolling through forty degrees, combing the stars
with her tops,

What says the man at the wheel, holding her
straight as she hovers

On the summits of wind-screening seas, steadying
her as she drops ?

Behind him the blasts without check from the Pole
to the Tropic, pursue him,

Heaving up, heaping high, slamming home, the
surges he must not regard :

Beneath him the crazy wet deck, and all Ocean on
end to undo him ;

Above him one desperate sail, thrice-reefed but
still buckling the yard !

Under his hand fleet the spokes and return, to be
held or set free again ;

And she bows and makes shift to obey their behest,
till the master-wave comes

And her gunnel goes under in thunder and smoke,
and she chokes in the trough of the sea again—

Ere she can lift and make way to its crest ; and he,
as he nurses her, hums !

*These have so utterly mastered their work that
they work without thinking ;*

*Holding three-fifths of their brain in reserve for
whatever betide,*

*So, when catastrophe threatens, of colic, collision
or sinking,
They shunt the full gear into train, and take the
small thing in their stride.*

The object of this book is to present a collection of examples of men at such moments "shunting the full gear" of their wits and energies "into train," and to exhibit in the raw the qualities of youths who are capable of becoming such men.

(From a Review in the "New Statesman" of
"Land and Sea Tales for Scouts and Guides" by
Rudyard Kipling.)

31

Give us, O give us, the man who sings at his work !
Be his occupation what it may, he is equal to any of
those who follow the same pursuit in silent sullenness.
He will do more in the same time—he will do it
better—he will persevere longer. One is scarcely
sensible of fatigue whilst he marches to music. The
very stars are said to make harmony as they revolve
in their spheres. Wondrous is the strength of cheer-
fulness, altogether past calculation its powers of
endurance. Efforts, to be permanently useful,
must be uniformly joyous—a spirit all sunshine—
graceful from very gladness—beautiful because bright.

—*Carlyle*.

A CONFESSION OF FAITH

I have no creed.
 The universe wheels on.
 I am but as an atom 'mid the worlds ;
 And yet I feel the spirit of God within me
 And I am satisfied.

I have no creed.
 Creeds are but words.
 Love is reality.
 Love fills the heart
 With charity, with peace,
 With faith, with hope, with heaven—
 Love to the Father,
 Love to the Christ,
 Love to our fellows—
 This I feel within and it shall guide me.
 He who is ruled by love,
 By spirit love, not lust,
 By love divine—
 He who is ruled by love
 Will not go wrong.

I have no creed.
 Good is the only goal.
 For what else live we ?
 Fame ?
 It turns to ashes in the grasp.
 Riches ?

They are wrung from the heart's blood of our
fellows.

Knowledge ?

It is but a babble of words.

But Good—Love—Truth—Beauty—

These are the verities,

These are eternal.

I have no creed,

And yet I fear not death.

Death is a shadow.

Wrong—Hate—Error—

All are but shadows ;

But I am eternal.

Why should I fear things that only seem ?

I seek for the eternal ;

And I will make my heart

A precious storehouse for them,

So that they may abide with me forever.

I have no creed,

But I have in me that surpassing words,

A faith in God as boundless as the sea,

A love that takes in all the human race.

I see good in all creeds,

Good in all religions,

Good in all men,

Good in all living things.

The only sin, to me, is selfishness ;

The only happiness, the good we do.

O, let us drop these empty sounds and forms,
 The letter that divides in warring sects ;
 And let us fill our hearts with love to men.
 Construct a church as wide as human needs,
 A church built 'round the spirit, not the husk ;
 And henceforth leave the race unfettered, free
 To follow out its impulses divine ;
 For God is in us and will lead us on,
 If we but leave our hates and turn to Him.

I have no creed,
 Or, if a creed but this :
 I love humanity.
 My life and all I am I freely give
 To better make the world and help mankind.

My only creed is love—I know no more—
 The Fatherhood of God,
 The Brotherhood of Man.

-*J. A. Edgerton* (in the "New Thought Bulletin").

The sexton tolling the bell at noon,
 Dreams not that great Napoleon
 Stops his horse, and lists with delight,
 Whilst his files sweep round yon Alpine height ;

Nor knowest thou what argument
 Thy life to thy neighbour's creed has lent :
 All are needed by each one,
 Nothing is fair or good alone.

—*Emerson.*

When a deed is done for Freedom, through the
 broad earth's aching breast
 Runs a thrill of joy prophetic, trembling on from
 east to west,
 And the slave, where'er he cowers, feels the soul
 within him climb
 To the awful verge of manhood, as the energy
 sublime
 Of a century bursts full-blossomed on the thorny
 stems of Time.
 New occasions teach new duties ; Time makes
 ancient good uncouth ;
 They must upward still, and onward, who would
 keep abreast of Truth ;
 Lo, before us gleam her camp-fires ! we ourselves
 must pilgrims be,
 Launch our *Mayflower*, and steer boldly through
 the desperate winter sea,
 Nor attempt the Future's portal with the Past's
 blood-rusted key.

—*Lowell.*

“What art thou, Freedom?” Oh! could
slaves

Answer from their living graves
This demand—tyrants would flee
Like a dream’s dim imagery.

Thou art not, as impostors say,
A shadow soon to pass away,
A superstition and a name
Echoing from the cave of Fame.

For the labourer, thou art bread
And a comely table spread,
From his daily labour come,
In a neat and happy home.

Thou art clothes, and fire, and food
For the trampled multitude—
No—in countries that are free
Such starvation cannot be
As in England [India] now we see.

Spirit, Patience, Gentleness,
All that can adorn and bless
Art thou—let deeds, not words, express
Thine exceeding loveliness.

—*Shelley*.

SONNET

As the broad ocean endlessly upheaveth,
 With the majestic beating of his heart,
 The mighty tides, whereof its rightful part
 Each sea-wide bay and little creek receiveth,
 So, through his soul who earnestly believeth,
 Life from the universal Heart doth flow,
 Whereby some conquest of the eternal Woe,
 By instinct of God's nature, he achieveth ;
 A fuller pulse of this all-powerful beauty
 Into the poet's gulf-like heart doth tide,
 And he more keenly feels the glorious duty
 Of serving Truth, despised and crucified,—
 Happy, unknowing sect or creed, to rest,
 And feel God flow for ever through his breast.

—*J. R. Lowell.*

GIVE TO US PEACE IN OUR TIME,
 O LORD

God the All-terrible ! King who ordainest
 Great winds Thy clarions, lightning Thy sword,
 Show forth Thy pity on high where Thou
 reignest :
 Give to us peace in our time, O Lord.

God the Omnipotent ! Mighty Avenger,
 Watching invisible, judging unheard,
 Doom us not now in the hour of our danger :
 Give to us peace in our time, O Lord.

God the All-pitiful ! Is it not crying—
 Blood of the guiltless like water outpoured ?
 Look on the anguish, the sorrow, the sighing :
 Give to us peace in our time, O Lord.

So shall Thy children, in thankful devotion,
 Laud Him who saved them from peril
 abhorred,
 Singing in chorus, from ocean to ocean,
 Peace to the nations, and praise to the Lord.

THE UNREGARDED SKY

If, in our moments of utter idleness, we turn to the sky, which of its phenomena do we speak of ?

One says it has been wet ; and another, it has been windy ; and another, it has been warm. Who, among the whole chattering crowd, can tell me of the forms of the chain of tall white mountains that girded the horizon at noon yesterday ? Who saw the narrow sunbeam that came out of the south, and smote upon their summits until they melted and

mouldered away in a dust of blue rain? Who saw the
dance of the dead clouds when the sunlight left them
last night? All has passed, unregretted as unseen.

—*John Ruskin*.

IMMANENCE

Within thy sheltering darkness spin the spheres ;
Within the shaded hollow of thy wings.
The life of things,
The changeless pivot of the passing years—
These in thy bosom lie.
Restless we seek thy being ; to and fro
Upon our little twisting earth we go :
We cry : “ Lo, there ! ”
When some new avatar thy glory does declare,
When some new prophet of thy friendship sings,
And in his tracks we run
Like an enchanted child, that hastes to catch the
sun.

And shall the soul thereby
Unto the All draw nigh ?
Shall it avail to plumb the mystic deeps
Of flowery beauty, scale the icy steep
Of perilous thought, thy hidden face to find,
Or tread the starry paths to the utmost verge of
the sky ?
Nay, groping dull and blind

Within the sheltering dimness of thy wings—
Shade that their splendour flings
Athwart Eternity—
We, out of age-long wandering, but come
Back to our Father's heart, where now we are at
home.

—*Evclyn Underhill* ("Immanence").

WE ARE GIRT WITH OUR BELIEF

We mix from many lands,
We march from very far ;
In hearts and lips and hands
Our staffs and weapons are ;
The light we walk in darkens sun
[and moon and star.

It doth not flame and wane
 With years and spheres that roll,
 Storm cannot shake nor stain
 The strength that makes it whole,
 The fire that moulds and moves it of
 [the sovereign soul.

We're girt with our belief,
Clothed with our will and crowned ;
Hope, fear, delight, and grief,
Before our will give ground ;
Their calls are in our ears as
[shadows of dead sound.

Out under moon and stars
And shafts of th'urgent sun
Whose face on prison-bars
And mountain-heads is one,
Our march is everlasting till time's
[march be done.

Rise ere the dawn be risen,
Come be all souls fed ;
From field, and street, and prison ;
Come for the feast is spread,
Live for the truth is living, wake
[for the night is dead.

O sorrowing hearts of slaves,
We heard you beat from far.
We bring the light that saves ;
We bring the morning star ;
Freedom's good things we bring you
[whence all good things are.

—A. C. Swinburne.

34

THE MARCH OF THE WORKERS

What is this, the sound and rumour ? What is this
that all men hear,
Like the wind in hollow valleys when the storm is
drawing near,
Like the rolling on of ocean in the eventide of fear ?
'Tis the people marching on.

Whither go they, and whence come they? What
 are these of whom ye tell?
 In what country are they dwelling 'twixt the gates
 of heaven and hell?
 Are they mine or thine for money? Will they
 serve a master well?

Still the rumour's marching on.

Hark the rolling of the thunder!
 Lo! the sun! and lo! thereunder
 Riseth wrath and hope and wonder,
 And the host comes marching on.

Forth they come from grief and torment; on they
 wend toward health and mirth,
 All the wide world-is their dwelling, every corner
 of the earth,
 Buy them, sell them for thy service! Try the
 bargain what 'tis worth,
 For the days are marching on.

These are they who build thy houses, weave thy
 raiment, win thy wheat,
 Smooth the rugged, fill the barren, turn the bitter
 into sweet,
 All for thee this day—and ever. What reward for
 them is meet,
 Till the host comes marching on?

Many a hundred years passed over have they
laboured, deaf and blind ;
Never tidings reached their sorrow, never hope
their toil might find.

Now at last they've heard and hear it, and the cry
comes down the wind,

And their feet are marching on.

O ye rich men, hear and tremble ! for with words
the sound is rife :

" Once for you and death we laboured ; changed
henceforward is the strife.

We are men, and we shall battle for the world of
men and life,

And our host is marching on."

" Is it war, then ? Will ye perish as the dry wood
in the fire ?

Is it peace ? Then be ye of us, let your hope be
our desire.

Come and live ! for life awaketh, and the world
shall never tire ;

And the hope is marching on."

" On we march, then, we, the workers, and the
rumour that ye hear

Is the blended sound of battle and deliv'rance
drawing near ;

For the hope of every creature is the banner that
we bear,

And the world is marching on."

Hark the rolling of the thunder !
 Lo ! the sun ! and lo ! thereunder
 Riseth wrath and hope and wonder,
 And the host comes marching on.
 —*William Morris.*

THE FATHERHOOD OF GOD AND THE
 BROTHERHOOD OF MAN

Now sound ye forth with trumpet tone,
 Let all the nations fear,
 Speak to the world the thrilling words
 That tyrants quail to hear ;
 And write them bold on Freedom's flag,
 And wave it in the van,
 'Tis the Fatherhood of God,
 And the Brotherhood of Man.
 Too long the night of ignorance
 Has brooded o'er the mind ;
 Too long the love of wealth and power
 And not the love of kind ;
 Now let the blessed truth be flashed
 To earth's remotest span,
 Of the Fatherhood of God,
 And the Brotherhood of Man.

—From "Chants of Labour," ed. by *Edward
 Carpenter.*

THE LIMITS OF KNOWLEDGE

“There can be no more absurd and pitiful disregard of facts than belief that human knowledge and reason are unlimited and that there is nothing beyond what we know and can prove by material evidence. Each generation of discoverers and investigators has proclaimed that it had learned all there was to know, but was proved by the next generation following to have been ignorant.

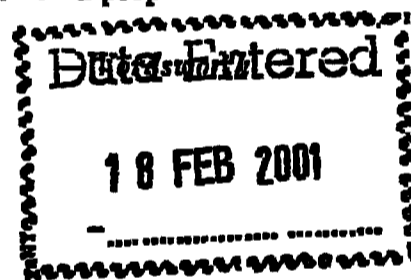
“Scientists of Tom Paine’s day believed they had learned all the mysteries of nature, and from them could demonstrate that God was an impossibility. They could have demonstrated, also, from what they thought they knew, that a theory that each drop of water and of blood in our bodies and each cubic foot of air swarms with living things which can penetrate our skins without our knowledge and do us harm or good was an impossibility. They could have proved the radio, the telegraph, the airship, to be impossibilities, as they were from what was known then. The generation after ours will discover and reveal things of which we do not dream, facts which exist and which we do not suspect. So it will go on indefinitely. Developments of the future are as obscure, mysterious and vast as those of the past, recorded before history began. The simple, loving faith that humbly and truthfully acknowledges the narrow limitations of human knowledge and wisdom

and reason, accepts the plain teachings of nature that there must be a Wise and Almighty and Beneficent Power, and that there must be life after this, and looks forward joyfully and hopefully, can cast aside as trifles the laboured efforts of arrogant and insolent ignorance, to prove that what we see and have and know is all, that the beginning was some kind of unexplained accident, and that what we call death is the end."

—Quoted from the *London Mirror*.

Science appears but what in truth she is,
Not as our glory and our absolute boast,
But as a prop
To our infirmity.

36



According to Schopenhauer, the measure of reverence that one can feel is the measure of one's own intrinsic value. Tell me how much respect you can feel, and I shall tell you what is your worth. It is certainly not necessary to emphasise this quality

specially in the case of Einstein, for there are other points of vantage from which we may form an estimate of his excellence. Nevertheless, I make special mention of the circumstance to give an indication of a difference between a revolutionary discoverer and revolutionary pioneers in other fields. It is particularly noticeable that inborn respect is seldom found in modernists of Art. The only means of propaganda known to them consists in a passionate denunciation of what has been developed historically by gradual and patient effort; their retrospect consists of unmitigated contempt; they profess to be disciples only of what is most recent, remaining confined within the narrow circle surrounding their own ego. The horizon of the discoverer has a different radius. He takes over responsibility for the future by never ceasing his offerings at the altar of the past. There is probably no discoverer who is devoid of this characteristic, but I should like to emphasise that, among all the scientists with whom I am acquainted, no one recognises the merit of others so warmly as Einstein. He becomes carried away with enthusiasm when he talks of great men, or of such as appear great to him.

“In every true searcher of Nature there is a kind of religious reverence; for he finds it impossible to imagine that he is the first to have thought out the exceedingly delicate threads that connect his perceptions. The aspect of knowledge which has not

yet been laid bare gives the investigator a feeling akin to that experienced by a child who seeks to grasp the masterly way in which elders manipulate things."

"THE BEST THAT LIFE HAS TO OFFER IS A FACE
GLOWING WITH HAPPINESS."

—From *Einstein, the Searcher*.

The following poem wonderfully embodies the note of "Reverence-Love-Compassion". It tells of a poor cobbler, a shoemaker—how many great men has not the trade of shoemaker given to the world?—who was told by his Master that He would pay him a visit on a certain day. And the day's happenings are described, from its beginning when we find the cobbler, Conrad is his name, musing on the wonderful visit about to be vouchsafed to him. The poem is entitled

THE GREAT GUEST COMES

While the cobbler mused, there passed his pane
A beggar drenched by the driving rain;
He called him in from the stony street,
And gave him shoes for his bruised feet.
The beggar went and there came a crone,
Her face with wrinkles of sorrow sown;

A bundle of faggots bound her back,
And she was spent with the wrench and the
wrack.

He gave her his loaf and steadied her load,
As she took her way on the weary road.
Then to his door came a little child,
Lost and afraid in the world so wild ;
In the big, dark world . . . : Catching it up
He gave it milk in the waiting cup,
And led it home to its mother's arms
Out of the reach of the world's alarms.

The day went down in the crimson west,
And with it the hope of the blessèd guest.
And Conrad sighed as the world turned gray.
“ Why is it, Lord, that Your Feet delay ?
Did You forget that this was the day ? ”
Then soft in the silence a voice he heard :
“ Lift up your heart, for I kept my word.
Three times I came to your friendly door :
Three times my shadow was on your floor.
I was the beggar with bruised feet ;
I was the woman you gave to eat ;
I was the child on the homeless street.”

37

God sends His teachers unto every age,
To every clime and every race of men,
With revelations fitted to their growth

And shape of mind, nor gives the realm of Truth
 Into the selfish rule of one sole race :
 Therefore each form of worship that hath swayed
 The life of man, and given it to grasp
 The master-key of knowledge, reverence,
 Infolds some germ of goodness and of right ;
 Else never had the eager soul, which loathes
 The slothful down of pampered ignorance,
 Found in it even a moment's fitful rest.

—*J. R. Lowell.*

THOUGHTS ON GREATNESS

A great man or woman of the new world will be one who lives for eternal principles, and not for any narrower self-righteousness, whether the self be himself, or his country, or his Faith. A great Christian will be one who sees the Eternal in his own Faith of Christianity, who regards, perhaps, Christianity as the only Faith for him, but who is also able to see that the same Eternal is to be found in other Faiths also, and that these are best for their respective devotees. He sees the unity amidst the diversity.

Let a gem from my storehouse reinforce my argument. It has been wrought by Sebastian Franck, a German mystic if I mistake not.

"Nobody is the master of my faith, and I desire to be the master of the faith of no one. I love any

man whom I can help, and I call him brother whether he be Jew or Samaritan. . . . I cannot belong to any separate sect, but I believe in a holy, Christlike Church, a Fellowship of Saints, and I hold as my brother, my neighbour, my flesh and blood, all men who belong to Christ among all sects, faiths and peoples scattered throughout the whole world—only I allow nobody to have dominion over the one place which I am pledged to the Lord to keep as pure virgin, namely my heart and my conscience. If you try to bind my conscience, to rule over my faith, or to be master of my heart, then I must leave you. Except that, everything I am or have is thine, whoever thou art or whatever thou mayest believe.”

Notice how he speaks of people belonging to Christ “among all sects, faiths and peoples,” obviously meaning all who have the Christ spirit in them, not merely those who happen to agree on some orthodox and conventional interpretation of the translations of the Christ’s utterances, whether actual, or fiction, or distorted, as they have come down to us in, say, the English Bible. The Hindu, the Buddhist, the Muslim, the Parsee, may and should, have the Christ spirit in them, just as the Christian may, and should, have the Krishna spirit, or the Buddha spirit, and so forth, in him. All who have active in them the spirit of Divinity, call it by what name you will, that is to say who can recognise

the identity of essence under the multiplicity of names, who are not misled by words or names, belong to Christ, to Shri Krishna, to the Lord Buddha, to the Lord Muhammad, to the Lord Zarathushtra, Who All recognise such men and women for Their own.

* * *

“ I am heartily well content that all shame and disgrace should fall on my face, if it is for the truth. It was when I began to love God that I got the disfavour of men.”

So wrote, in his dying testimony, the great Hans Denck who lived in Bavaria in the fifteenth century. The favour of men is as nothing as compared with the approval of God, and we all have to see to it that we have not the favour of men at the expense of the favour of God. Also have we to see that the favour of men is not in fact standing in the way of our love of God.

* * *

There comes a time in the life of every earnest soul when he has to choose between God and mankind, when he has to choose between the applause of men and the approval of God, when he has to choose between the inner satisfaction and peace and the outer satisfaction and peace, when he has to choose between men's approval and their execration.

Let me quote in this connection a most apposite gem
from Thomas à Kempis :

Christ was willing to suffer and to be despised ;
and darest thou complain of any man ?

Christ had adversaries and backbiters ; and dost
thou wish to have all men thy friends and
benefactors ?

Whence shall thy patience attain her crown, if no
adversity befall thee ?

If thou art willing to suffer no adversity, how wilt
thou be the friend of Christ ?

Christ was also in the world, despised of men, and
in greatest necessity, forsaken by His acquaintance
and friends, in the midst of slanders.

* * *

Can you think of a more delightful little poem,
more full of wisdom pithily and lightly put, than
the following ?

“ Couldn’t ” and “ Could ” were two promising
boys,

Who lived not a great while ago ;

They had just the same playmates, and just the
same toys,

And just the same chances of winning life’s joys

And all that the years may bestow.

And “ Could ” soon found out he could fashion
his life

On lines very much as he planned :
 He could cultivate goodness and guard against
 strife ;
 He could mind his own business when gossip was
 rife,
 And build him a name that would stand.
 But poor little " Couldn't " just couldn't pull
 through,
 All his trials he met with a sigh ;
 When a task needed doing, he couldn't, he knew ;
 And hence, when he couldn't, how could he ? Could
 you,
 If you couldn't, determine you'd try ?

Ah ! There's the rub ! Suppose we find out that
 we can't, do we realise that " can't " is not final, but
 at the worst temporary, and that " can " is the only
 finality ? Where there's a will there's a way, and
 one of our most important duties is to strengthen
 the will so as to discover the way. " I don't see the
 way to do this " is so often another way of saying
 " I haven't the will to do this." Now the will is
 largely, in its preliminary stages, a matter of desire.
 We must want. We must long. We must ardently
 hope. Out of all these will emerge the will and the
 power, and these two will fashion the way and
 the life.

ENCOURAGEMENT

‘There is a recorded saying of Napoleon to this effect: “In the army we tell cowards that they are brave men and thus induce them to become so. On all occasions we should treat men in the same manner, and take for granted that they have the virtues with which we wish to inspire them.” This saying has a special value for those of us who are teachers, and yet its truth is often ignored. How common it is to find children who have been repeatedly told in the publicity of the schoolroom that they are “dunces,” or “careless,” or “lazy”. Such epithets wound even the most thick-skinned child at first, but all too soon he comes to accept them as deserved and accurate. Thereafter he makes little effort to improve, for he finds by experience that the hard words break no bones and that his real self is not harmed by them. The grave fact is that he is no way improved by them. A discerning teacher will pursue different tactics by looking always for any sign of intelligence; or industry, or carefulness, and being prompt in commendation of the good rather than over-quick in condemnation of the bad. The most heroic spirit is daunted by the effect of nagging disapproval just as the most inert may be aroused by a timely word of encouragement.’

III

The padding about this saying of Napoleon does not much matter. It is rather to Napoleon's utterance that I want to draw your attention, as showing that the same principle is recognised by all who have the greatness in them to perceive it and to act upon it.

GREAT MEN

Thank God there are Great Men to point out to us the road of greatness, to the ends of God, or we might sadly stumble, be we ever so learned, ever so brilliant at the examinations. And by Great Men I mean here the greater Great, not the great of lesser degree or graduation. I mean those Men whom Carlyle so admirably describes as "the fire-pillars in this dark pilgrimage of mankind," who "stand as heavenly signs, ever-living witnesses of what has been, prophetic tokens of what may still be, the revealed, embodied possibilities of human nature". These are the greater Heroes, the greater Geniuses, the greater Saints and Martyrs, the embodied goals of the three great Paths of Greatness—Karma, Gnana, Bhakti—described to us in the *Bhagavad-Gita*, on one or other of which Paths you and I are treading our respective way to the common goal. Thank God, I say:

.....for the high souls
That point to us the deathless goals ;

For all the courage of their cry
 That echoes down from sky to sky ;
 Thanksgiving for the armed seers
 And heroes called to mortal years,
 Souls that have built our faith in man,
 And lit the ages as they ran.

* * *

LIFE'S PATHWAY

This great pathway of life began nowhere and ends nowhere, so far as we can know. It is *anadi*. Fortunately, however, we do know something of the characteristics which mark and distinguish the varying stages of its being. More or less, we know the nature of the pathway in its mineral stage. More or less, we know the nature of the pathway in its vegetable and animal stages. And of the human stage, there is also much knowledge. Indeed, this knowledge lies about us. We see our fellow-denizens of the human kingdom at very obviously varying stages of evolution, and we are able to deduce therefrom certain definite landmarks in the progress of life through the human kingdom, such, for example, as Mr. Jinarājadāsa has made in his *First Principles of Theosophy*: The Savage—*I want it* ; the Civilised Man—*Let us share it* ; the Spiritual Man—*I will help you* ; the Disciple—*In His Name* ; the Superhuman Man—*Not I, but the Father*. Or,

as I like sometimes to put it : Self-Discovery, Self-Expression, Self-Sacrifice, Self-Surrender, Self-Realisation.

40

WHAT IS GREATNESS ?

How wonderful it is to be near to the great, and, perchance, to feel stirring within us the intimations of greatness. How wonderful to feel that we have some vague consciousness, perhaps inexpressible in words, of what that larger life, which is greatness, both is and involves. What is greatness? Ah! It is difficult to define greatness when we ourselves have yet to become great. How can the less define the more? But if I may venture a suggestion, it is that greatness consists in the ideal laying definite hands on the present, nothing short of this gaining for any man or woman, in my judgment, a title to be called truly great.

* *

I take it that true greatness is supremely a matter of faith in man, that faith in man is all God asks from us. He does not ask from us faith in Himself except as we see Him in the perceived certainty that man shall attain the goal of life. Charles Bradlaugh was one of the greater Great Men because of his very faith in man. God patiently waits for Charles Bradlaugh's belief in Him, for it can be but a matter of a

brief span of time for Bradlaugh to know that in his very faith in man, he has been showing a most supreme trust, faith, belief, in God. Belief in God may be selfish, but belief in man can never be. So let us believe in man, and in our and His own due time, God will reveal Himself to us, however little we may have the revelation to-day.

* * *

I want you to realise that you are treading, consciously or unconsciously according to your stage of evolution, a very definite pathway of life, on which every stage through which you may have passed in your individual lives is a step—short or long according to its nature. It may be a step backwards or it may be a step forwards, but there is no standing still, for the dominant characteristics of this pathway are movement and choice. We are continually moving. We are continually choosing. Every movement is a step of some kind. Every choice is a step of some kind. We may call this movement-choice by the name of consciousness, and the heart of it in the human kingdom is conscience.

* * *

Greatness is our objective, and we must remember the words of Emerson :

“ It is easy in the world to live after the world’s opinion ; it is easy in solitude to live after our own ;

:

but the great man is he who in the midst of the crowd keeps with perfect sweetness the independence of solitude."

I draw your special attention to the words "with perfect sweetness," for therein lies the secret, or one of the secrets, of greatness. One is reminded of those words of another great seer, "in all sweet accord". I think Emerson has discovered two of the ingredients of greatness in sweetness and independence, rightly pointing out that they must so be blended that independence may lose its harshness and pride, and that sweetness may gain wisdom and strength.

. * * *

Let me tell you the story of S. Teresa. She was a saintly woman who lived some hundreds of years ago in Europe, poor, but full of enthusiasm. And one day she conceived the idea of establishing an orphanage wherein might dwell little children bereft of fathers or mothers, to be tenderly cared for and wisely trained. But she had only three ducats wherewith to start her work, and those around her said: "How can you possibly hope to do anything with only three ducats?" And Teresa replied: "Teresa alone can do nothing. Teresa and three ducats can do, it is true, but little. But Teresa and three ducats and *God* can accomplish everything."

. * *

And remember that it is not your task or mine to retire to the jungle far away from the problems of the world. We are neither hermits nor recluses, however much from time to time, in the heat and fatigue of the strife, we may long for solitude. I am not for a moment denying that solitude and seclusion have their advantages. Indeed, I would go so far as to say that we must, at not infrequent intervals, retire within ourselves in search of the God within, "listening to catch His whisper above earth's loudest song". Meditation and prayer are to no small measure the revitalising forces of courage, and I recommend to you that mornings and evenings you should seek, and dwell upon, those realities which form the basis and the purpose of your being.

* * *

It must happen to us all, sooner or later according to our strength, that when we cease mere living and strive to enter into life, God may test the sincerity of our conversion by surrounding us with the disfavour of men. Are we looking for the favour of men without, or for the approval of the God within? If you and I, who are eager to tread the Path of Greatness, still remain satisfied with the standards of the ordinary world, if we are satisfied to adapt ourselves to the conventions and orthodoxies of our surroundings, then are we in very truth of the world worldly. We must not be content to go round with the world "in

an eddy of purposeless dust". We are here to learn to make the onward and forward movement, relying on the God within in ever-increasing measure, trusting ever to His judgment against the importunities and exhortations of those who cannot even guide their own lives aright.

What are your watchwords? Brotherhood, Service. What is their maintenance? Hope, Courage. What is their expression? Reverence, Goodwill, Compassion. Brotherhood and Service—these are the ideals which are to lay hands on the present, these are the foundations of our future greatness. Of Courage I have already spoken to you. Let me, however, define it further in the words of a great Teacher. "... a courageous endurance of personal injustice . . . a brave declaration of principles . . . a valiant defence of those who are unjustly attacked." Display these, and verily are you climbing up the golden stairs which lead to the Temple of Divine Wisdom.

Be cheered, comrade-pioneers, by the knowledge that you start on your further quest of the Holy Grail with less of handicap than many generations before you have known. The destruction of the old order has not, in your case, obscured the process of construction of the new. The roads are cut up by

chaos, but you have hitched your wagons to the Star
of Cosmos, and the joltings trouble you but little.
You know

... that somehow good
Will be the final goal of ill
... that good shall fall
At last—far off—at last, to all,
And every winter change to spring.

You are, or should be, kings among men, for you
have that well-founded hope which makes Gods of
kings, of the kingly, and of meaner men—such as
we—kings. You have, or should have, enthusiasm,
without which nothing great can ever be achieved.
You are young, young-hearted as well as young-
bodied, and Goethe tells us we must be young to
do great things. You are of the people, and the
greatest things in the world have almost always
sprung from those of comparatively low estate, not
from palaces but from cottages, not from Govern-
ment decrees but from the people's will.

* * *

41

THE WORLD'S INERTIA

Take care, I pray you, not to be stupefied by the
inertia of the world around you, an inertia the more
dangerous in that it has a fictitious mobility of its

own, graphically described by Thomas à Kempis in the following pithy utterance, clearly showing the difference between true mobility and false :

“ For a small income, a long journey is undertaken ; for everlasting life, many will scarce once lift a foot from the ground.

“ The most pitiful reward is sought after, for a single piece of money sometimes there is shameful contention : for a vain matter and slight promise men fear not to toil night and day. But, alas ! for an unchangeable good, for an inestimable reward, for the highest honour, and glory without end, they grudge even the least fatigue . . . they are found to be more ready to destruction than thou art to life. They rejoice more in vanity than thou dost in the truth.”

A clean life . . . an open mind . . . a pure heart . . . an eager intellect . . . an unveiled spiritual perception . . . a brotherliness for all . . . a readiness to give and receive advice and instruction . . . a courageous endurance of personal injustice . . . a brave declaration of principles . . . a valiant defence of those who are unjustly attacked . . . and a constant eye to the ideal of human progress and perfection which the Sacred Science depicts . . . these are the golden stairs up the steps of which the learner may climb to the Temple of Divine Wisdom . . .

—*H. P. Blavatsky.*

There is a road, steep and thorny, beset with perils of every kind, but yet a road, and it leads to the heart of the universe. I can tell you how to find Those who will show you the secret gateway that leads inward only and closes fast behind the neophyte for ever more. There is no danger that dauntless courage cannot conquer ; there is no trial that spotless purity cannot pass through ; there is no difficulty that strong intellect cannot surmount. For those who win onward, there is reward past all telling—the power to bless and save humanity. For those who fail, there are other lives in which success may come.

—*H. P. Blavatsky.*

It shall be

A Face like my face that receives thee, a Man like to me,

Thou shalt love and be loved by, for ever : a Hand like this hand

Shall throw open the gates of new life to thee ! . . .

—*Browning.*

Be the fast runner that does not stop till he has achieved his goal.

Be the great helpers themselves but not merely the receivers of help.

Be happy but never content.

Be the creators but not merely the created.

Be the main current of life but not merely the
straw that floats aimlessly.

Be the dweller of the mountains where there is
strength, and not stagnate in the dark valley
where there is weakness and misery.

—*J. Krishnamurti.*

Here lies the tragedy of our race :
Not that men are poor ;
All men know something of poverty.
Not that men are wicked ;
Who can claim to be good ?
Not that men are ignorant :
Who can boast that he is wise ?
But that men are strangers !

You remember that someone said that God gave
us memory that we might have roses in December . . .

I . . . have trudged the road on which you will
soon set forth. . . . I would that I could put into
your hands a staff for that somewhat bloody march.
. . . I cannot provide you with that staff for
your journey; but perhaps I can tell you a little
about it, how to use it and lose it and find it
again, and cling to it more than ever. You shall
cut it—so it is ordained—every one of you for
himself, and its name is Courage. You must excuse

me if I talk a good deal about courage to you to-day. There is nothing else much worth speaking about to undergraduates or graduates or white-haired men and women. It is the lovely virtue—the rib of Himself that God sent down to His children.

* * *

Go through life without ever ascribing to your opponent motives meaner than your own. Nothing so lowers the moral currency ; give it up, and be great.

* * *

. . . How to make a practical advance? The League of Nations is a very fine thing, but it cannot save you, because it will be run by us. . . . What is wanted is something run by yourselves. You have more in common with the youth of other lands than Youth and Age can ever have with each other. . . . You ought to have a League of Youth of all countries as your beginning, ready to say to all governments: "We will fight each other but only when we are sure of the necessity." Are you equal to your job, young men? If not, I call upon the red-gowned women to lead the way.

(From "Courage," the Rectorial Address delivered by *J. M. Barrie* at St. Andrews University, 1922.)

COURAGE

A virtue is the expression of the will in action, and one of the very first we need is Courage.

Courage is the expression of the Will in the face of danger, steadily set to the accomplishment of a definite purpose. It does not mean blind recklessness and indifference to danger, but an open-eyed recognition of the danger and the steady determination to face it. Some of the bravest soldiers have a feeling of fear as they enter a hail of bullets, but Courage is shown by the quiet firm advance, despite the realisation of the risk. This realisation of the risk depends on the development of imagination; the unimaginative man, stolid and blunt-nerved, goes on blindly, not realising the danger; while the imaginative man pictures the danger vividly. The first may be seized with panic, if a sudden realisation of the risk of mutilation or death flashes upon him in the midst of the battle; while the second cannot be shaken with terror, for he has deliberately gone forward though realising his peril all the time.

Physical Courage of the "bull-dog type," as it is sometimes called, does not always connote a high level of evolution. For, as said above, it may be merely the outcome of dull imagination and little-developed nerves. The fine type of Physical Courage is where the imagination is vivid and the nerves are highly strung, and both are kept in steadiness and obedience

by the unswerving open-eyed Will. Such Courage may at all times be depended on, and that is the Physical Courage at which our Young Citizens should aim.

* * *

“ Presence of mind ” is the instant recognition of the best thing to do in a moment of unexpected danger. A motor-car comes suddenly whirling round a corner without blowing its horn. A man with presence of mind sees at once whether he had better stand still, jump forward or backward ; he does at once the thing which removes him from the spot of danger. A man without this useful faculty hesitates, jumps the wrong way, goes forward and then backward, and very likely gets run over. Presence of mind may be called effective Courage, Courage alert and ready to act the mind awake and calling on the Will.

* * *

MORAL COURAGE is the same steady Will, facing moral difficulties and dangers instead of physical. Many a man who is brave physically is a moral coward ; he fears ridicule, mockery, censure, reproach, the cold looks of friends, the sneer of the worldling. To be morally courageous is to be a real Hero, one who can stand alone, quietly and steadfastly, not blatant and offensive but calm and unmoved. Such Heroes become reformers of abuses, righters of wrong, defenders of the down-trodden, champions of the oppressed. All good causes need such a Hero as

leader, who is bright in face of reverses, calm amid the surge of difficulties, cheerful through a long strain of endurance, with eyes ever fixed on the goal, indifferent to the obstacles that intervene. Obstacles exist in order to be overcome.

* * *

INTELLECTUAL COURAGE is shown by the facing of mental problems without an eye to the resulting solutions, by the willingness to gaze at the unveiled Sun of Truth, fearless of any blinding by the light. The intellectually brave man follows Truth wherever her light may gleam, and refuses the shelter of a lie, however the storm may rage. This form of Courage can only be developed by scrupulous accuracy in all things, such as in making observations and in recording them, in avoiding all exaggeration, all conventions that deceive, all pretence of every kind. It has been written that all "Virtues are forms of Truth," and that is natural, since it is also written that "Brahman is Truth". The Universe is built upon Truth; Nature, the expression of Ishvara, works with un-deviating accuracy, by inviolable laws; therefore she can be trusted, and science is only possible because Nature is an expression of Truth. If an experiment, say in chemistry, does not work out, it is not because Nature fails us, but because we have blundered in our preparations, have omitted some condition necessary to bring about the result. One great value of the study of science is that it teaches accuracy; it

is truly said that "Nature never forgives"; she changes not if the ignorant disregard her laws; they only injure themselves, the law is changeless. But it is also true that "Nature is conquered by obedience," and the man who has knowledge can bring about the result he desires, by balancing against each other laws which interfere with him, and leaving free play to those which subserve his will. There is one thing that we must not forget, in relation to what I have said above about Truthfulness in word and deed, that we must not confuse Truthfulness with rudeness or unkindness. A wise Chinese Sage remarked that "some people think they are truthful when they are only rude". We all come across people who are proud of saying unpleasant things and declare: "I like straightforwardness, and I always speak out my mind." But a person's mind is often prejudiced and harsh in its judgments, and speaking out such a mind is often mischievous and spiteful. Therefore Manu teaches us that we should not speak "an unpleasant truth". Occasions arise when a teacher, an employer, a superior who is responsible for our guidance, may be obliged by his duty to us to tell us where we are wrong or mistaken. But such a truth, unpleasant to our vanity or pride, may be necessary for our safety and our progress, and that cannot rightly be called unpleasant, since the best in us welcomes it and is glad of it.

* * *

SPIRITUAL COURAGE is the realisation of the SELF, the SELF who can fear nothing because he lives in all and includes all. "The fearless Eternal," says our Hindu brother, seeing that only in that realisation of Eternity is the annihilation of fear. "Brahman is fearless." Brahman is fearless because He includes all. He is Love, and, because all are part of Himself and live in His Life, He loves all. Fear is only an expression of the great "heresy of separateness," of the vice of Hate. We fear a person, or a thing, that we think can injure us, and we desire to escape from it whether by repelling it if we are strong enough, or by running away from it if we are weak. This repulsion is a form of hatred, driving men and animals apart. It is worth noticing that a great Yogi, who has utterly purified himself from repulsion, can walk fearlessly in the jungle, and the tiger will fawn at his feet. We only see this, among ordinary men, in little children who have always been surrounded by Love, and who are sometimes perfectly fearless with fierce animals—a savage dog, or even a wild beast, will not hurt them. I can tell you a way of getting rid of timidity, of fear, if you have the patience to practise it regularly. First, if we want to get rid of a weakness, we do not think of it, for that makes more of it; we think of its opposite. So if we want to get rid of fear, we think of Fearlessness. You remember that it is written: "What a man thinks upon, that he becomes ;

therefore think upon Brahman." We can therefore think on "Brahman is fearless". "Brahman is Fearless. Brahman is the SELF. The SELF is fearless. That SELF am I." So if you are timid, sit down quietly in the early morning after your bath, and say to yourself seven times, or some multiple of seven, these splendid words. Say them slowly, steadily, thinking as you say them, and do this every day. After a few weeks, if you do it regularly, you will find yourself losing the timidity, the feeling of fear, and you will be growing brave. Things that used to frighten you will frighten you no longer. Quite unconsciously, you will have lost the feeling of fear. But you must do it *every day*, for a thing that you do every day becomes a habit; but if you break it off for a day you lose much of what you have gained. It may take you longer, if you are very timid, but if you go on steadily, you will become brave, for "what a man thinks upon, *that* he becomes". The law cannot be broken.

* * *

The fourfold Courage we must all develop, if we would be worthy to take part in the battles of the future. The fourth includes them all, and the remaining three are but the gracious blossoms which spring from the one root of all great living, the realisation of the SELF. "I am that SELF. That SELF am I."

—Annie Besant

A NARMADA ASHRAMA¹ PRAYER

With folded hands, O most loving Father, we bow before Thee in all reverence and joy.

We ask Thee to pour upon us Thy blessing as we strive this day to grow pure and strong in body, heart, and mind for that service of others which is the truest service of Thyself; as we strive to make our lives all love even as Thou art all Love.

We ask Thee to help us to grow wise and full of loving tenderness, that we may be able to comfort and encourage those among Thy children whose lives are sad and unhappy.

We ask Thee to help us to realise in ever-increasing measure the Brotherhood of all Life, that we may daily grow in reverence to our elders, in goodwill to our comrades, in gentleness to the poor, to the unfortunate, to servants, and to animals, knowing these to be our younger brothers, and all Thy tenderly loved children.

We ask Thy blessing upon this our community, upon its teachers and students, upon all who serve it. We ask Thee to help us so to live that our community has daily cause to rejoice that we share its life.

¹ Narmada Ashrama is a Theosophical educational community in Gujerat, India

We ask Thy blessing upon our beloved Motherland, India, to whose glorious service our community is dedicated, that in the present and in the future she may grow in faithfulness to her greatness in the past.

Knowing that Thou dost ever smile tenderly upon our many imperfections and shortcomings, we confidently and happily offer ourselves to Thee that Thou mayest help us to become the unspotted mirrors of Thy everlasting goodness.

A CONFESSION

O Lord Thou hast created man to be immortal and made him to be an image of Thine own eternity; yet often we forget the glory of our heritage, and wander from the path which leads to righteousness. But Thou, O Lord, hast made us for Thyself, and our hearts are ever restless till they find their rest in Thee. Look with the eyes of Thy love upon our manifold imperfections and pardon all our shortcomings; that we may be filled with the brightness of the everlasting light, and become the unspotted mirror of Thy power and the image of Thy goodness. Amen.

THE UNIVERSAL HYMN

Thought un-named !
 Enfolding space and time,
 What words by human weakness framed
 Can hymn Thy power sublime ?
 We move as wavelets to and fro
 Upon Thy boundless sea,
 Yet still ! O Life Divine, we know
 We live and move in Thee.

Thy children, sparks of Thy great Fire,
 Of every clime and race,
 Uplift their eyes in deep desire
 To see Thy glorious face.
 The Hindu hails Thee Brahman bright,
 The Breath, the Self, the Power ;
 The Buddhist names Thee Boundless Light,
 The Jewel in the Flower.

" Allah is great ! " the Muslim cries ;
 The Parsee feeds the flame,
 And names as Fire amid the skies
 The Ever-Blessèd Name ;
 To God enthroned for evermore
 The Hebrew looks above ;
 The Christian bows the knee before
 The Father-heart of Love.

Thou art our deepest self—we are
 As nought, from Thee apart ;
 We dim the lustre of Thy Star
 That burns in every heart.
 Yet slowly through the soul of man
 Thy purposes are wrought—
 The strength to do, the will to plan,
 The love, the faith, the thought.

We turn to Thee for courage new,
 For strong and steadfast will,
 That all we think or say or do
 With power from Thee may thrill ;
 From sin and error, greed and strife,
 By work and love set free—
 Day after day, life after life,
 We climb, O God, to Thee !
 —*Bibby's Annual, 1909.*

The Lord is my shepherd ; therefore can I lack
 nothing. He shall feed me in a green pasturé ; and
 lead me forth beside the waters of comfort. He
 shall convert my soul ; and bring me forth in the
 Paths of righteousness, for His Name's sake. Yea
 though I walk through the valley of the shadow of

death, I will fear no evil ; for Thou art with me ;
Thy rod and Thy staff comfort me.

—*Psaln 23.*

Wisdom is the breath of the power of God, and a pure influence flowing from the glory of the Almighty ; therefore can no defiled thing flow into her. For she is the brightness of the everlasting light, the unspotted mirror of the power of God, and the image of His goodness. And, being but one, she can do all things ; remaining in herself, she maketh all things new ; and in all ages entering into holy souls she maketh them friends of God and prophets. For God loveth none but him that dwelleth with Wisdom.

—*Wisdom of Solomon.*

Let your light so shine before men that they may see your good works ; and glorify your Father Who is in heaven.

For every good gift and every perfect gift is from above : and cometh down from the Father of Lights, in Whom is no variableness, neither shadow of turning.

The Path of the just is as a shining light : shining more and more unto the perfect day.

Be ye all of one mind, having compassion one on another; love as brethren, be pitiful, be courteous; not rendering evil for evil, nor railing for railing, but contrariwise blessing, knowing that ye are thereunto called, that ye should inherit a blessing. For he that will love life and see good days, let him refrain his tongue from evil, and his lips that they speak no guile. Let him eschew evil and do good; let him seek peace, and ensue it. And above all things have fervent charity among yourselves; for charity shall cover a multitude of sins.

—*First Epistle General of St. Peter.*

[Christ said unto His disciples:]

If the world hate you, ye know that it hated me before it hated you. If ye were of the world, the world would love his own; but because ye are not of the world, but I have chosen you out of the world, therefore the world hateth you.

Remember the word that I said unto you, The servant is not greater than his lord. If they have persecuted me, they will also persecute you; if they have kept my saying, they will keep yours also.

But all these things will they do unto you for my name's sake, because they know not him that sent me.

—*St. John, xv, 18-21.*

Wisdom is radiant and fadeth not away
 And easily is she beheld of them that love her,
 And found of them that seek her.
 She forestalleth them that desire to seek her,
 making herself first known.
 He that riseth up early to seek her shall have no
 toil,
 For he shall find her sitting at his gates.
 For to think upon her is perfectness of under-
 standing,
 And he that keepeth vigil for her sake shall
 quickly be free from care.
 Because she goeth about, herself seeking them
 that are worthy of her,
 And in their paths she appeareth unto them
 graciously,
 And in every purpose she meeteth them,
 For her true beginning is desire of discipline
 And the care for discipline is love of her ;
 And love of her is observance of her laws ;
 And to give heed to her is assurance of immor-
 tality ;
 And immortality bringeth near unto God ;
 So then the desire of Wisdom leadeth to a
 kingdom.

— *Wisdom of Solomon*, vi, 12-20.

AN ACT OF FAITH

We believe that God is Love, and Power and Truth and Light; that perfect justice rules the world; that all His sons shall one day reach His feet, however far they stray. We hold the Fatherhood of God, the Brotherhood of Man; we know that we do serve Him best when best we serve our brother man. So shall His blessing rest on us and peace for evermore. Amen.

DEDICATION

May this day, dedicate to Thee,
A day of joyous service be;
Forgetting self for love of man
May we fulfil Thy glorious plan!

FROM A PRAYER AT THE ORDINATION
OF PRIESTS

... May their hand be strong to achieve, may wisdom guide and direct their life, may the beauty of holiness sanctify them and shed a spiritual fragrance about their path, so that in all their works, begun, continued

and ended in Thee, they may shew forth the abundance of Thy power, and glorify Thy holy Name, O Thou great King of Love, to whom be praise and adoration from men and from the Angel host.

—*Liturgy of the Liberal Catholic Church.*

THE DEAD

Those happy souls, returning to the Light,
 In exultation mount the shining way ;
 Who sought their Master 'midst earth's fevered
 night,
 Now love, now serve, through calm, unbroken day ;
 With strength untiring, clearer vision, blest,
 Love brings no sorrow, labour asks no rest.

They are at peace—for they have overcome ;
 Earth's darkest terrors leave them undismayed ;
 The storms of life for them are fallen dumb.
 Now, out of weakness, more than conquerors made,
 Now (to its end the Path of Victory trod)
 They rise, they live, for ever one with God.

—*Rev. C. W. Scott-Moncrieff.*

A TEACHER'S PRAYER FOR THE
NEW YEAR

Father of all, we would pray Thee to hear us at
this New Year's dawning.
We, who have charge of the minds and the train-
ing of souls of the children,
Come to Thy footstool for guidance throughout
all the difficult future,
And humbly we ask for ourselves all the gifts we
would pass on to others.
Lord, give us clear-sighted vision, that strikes
through the happenings round us,
Discarding the petty and worthless, and glimpsing
the pure and eternal.
Oh, give us the power of knowing what things in
the world are of value,
What things are the food of the soul, and not
merely the comfort of body.
Lord, in these days of ambition when men strive
for money and riches,
And most of us grope for success, and belittle
ourselves in the groping ;
Help us to know that success in its noblest meas-
ure and meaning,
Is reckoned by Thee, not in gold, but in glorious
growth of the Spirit.
Father, in these days of hatreds, of wars and of
National chaos,

Help us to see that our vision, our outlook on life,
 must be altered,
 And love and a caring for others become the
 mainspring of the Nations;
 Not Balance of Powers, nor Peaces, but simply a
 love for our neighbours.
 Great Father of Mankind, the Teacher of prophets
 and seers and poets,
 We, who are humbler teachers, would ask for Thy
 help in our teaching.
 We work for a far greater future, a future of love
 and of beauty.
 Help us, O Lord, to create it, by guiding the souls
 of our children. Amen.

—*Enid Blyton* in "The Teacher's World".

ANDREW RYKMAN'S PRAYER

Pardon, Lord, the lips that dare
 Shape in words a mortal's prayer !
 Let the lowliest task be mine,
 Grateful, so the work be Thine ;
 Let me find the humblest place
 In the shadow of Thy grace ;
 Blest to me were any spot
 Where temptation whispers not.

If there be some weaker one,
 Give me strength to help him on ;
 If a blinder soul there be,
 Let me guide him nearer Thee.
 Make my mortal dreams come true
 With the work I fain would do ;
 Clothe with life the weak intent,
 Let me be the thing I meant.

John Greenleaf Whittier.

HYMN FOR HIS BROTHER'S ORDINATION

(This hymn was written for the occasion of the Ordination of the Poet's brother as a Christian Priest. It expresses in a very vivid manner the Poet's belief in the actual Presence of the Christ at the ceremony, and in the idea that the Christ would thereafter ever be with His servant alike in times of joy and sorrow. The first verse refers to the incident recorded in the New Testament, when Christ told a rich young man, who asked how he could enter the kingdom of God, to sell all that he had and give to the poor. But the man "went away sorrowful, for he had many possessions".)

Christ to the young man said : " Yet one thing
more :

If thou wouldst perfect be,
Sell all thou hast and give it to the poor,
And come and follow me ! "

Within this temple Christ again, unseen,
Those sacred words hath said,
And his invisible hands to-day have been
Laid on a young man's head.

And evermore beside him on his way
The unseen Christ shall move,
That he may lean upon His arm and say,
" Dost thou, dear Lord, approve ? "

Beside him at the marriage feast shall be,
To make the scene more fair ;
Beside him in the dark Gethsemane
Of pain and midnight prayer.

O holy trust ! O endless sense of rest :
Like the beloved John
To lay his head upon the Saviour's breast,
And thus to journey on !

—*Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.*

ABIDE WITH ME

Abide with me ; fast falls the eventide ;
The darkness deepens ; Lord, with me abide ;
When other helpers fail, and comforts flee,
Help of the helpless, O abide with me.

Swift to its close ebbs out life's little day ;
Earth's joys grow dim, its glories fade away ;
Change and decay in all around I see ;
O thou Who changest not, abide with me.

I need Thy Presence every passing hour ;
'Tis by Thy strength I foil the tempter's power ;
Who like Thyself my guide and stay can be ?
Through cloud and sunshine, Lord, abide with me.

I fear no foe with Thee at hand to bless ;
Ills have no weight, and tears no bitterness ;
Where is death's sting ? Where, grave, thy
victory ?
I triumph still, if Thou abide with me.

Hold Thou Thy Cross before my closing eyes ;
Shine through the gloom and point me to the
skies ;
Heaven's morning breaks, and earth's vain
shadows flee ;
In life, in death, O Lord, abide with me.

—*Rev. H. F. Lyte.*

LORD OF THE LITTLE CHILDREN

Lord of the little children,
 Lord of the bond and the free,
 Are we not waiting and watching
 Looking and longing for Thee?
 Lo! we have heard Thy heralds
 Spreading the tidings round,
 Not with the crowd in the market
 Not with the trumpet's sound,
 But in all quietness working,
 Sowing the blessèd seed
 In the hearts of those who are ready
 By thought and word and deed.
 Showing the signs and portents,
 Telling of things that are
 Just as they were aforetime
 When last men saw Thy Star.
 Lord of the little children,
 Lord of the bond and the free,
 Are we not waiting and watching,
 Looking and longing for Thee?
 Master, we yearn for Thy Coming;
 To Thee we lowly bow
 Teacher of men and of angels
 Return to us e'en now!

—*Barbara S. Tiddeman* (Slightly adapted—
 from the "S. Albans Hymnal").

GATHER US IN

Gather us in, Thou Love that fillest all,
 Gather our rival faiths within Thy fold ;
 Rend each man's temple's veil, and bid it fall
 That we may know that Thou hast been of old.

Gather us in ; we worship only Thee ;
 In varied names we stretch a common hand ;
 In divers forms a common soul we see ;
 In many ships we seek one spirit-land.

Thine is the mystic life great India craves,
 Thine is the Parsi's purifying beam,
 Thine is the Buddhist's rest from tossing waves,
 Thine is the empire of vast China's dream.

Thine is the Roman's strength without his pride
 Thine is the Greek's glad world without its
 slaves,

Thine is Judæa's law with love beside,
 Truth that enlightens, charity that saves.

Each sees one colour of Thy rainbow light,
 Each looks upon one tint and calls it heaven.
 Thou art the fulness of our partial sight ;
 We are not perfect till we find the seven.

Some seek a Father in the heavens above ;
 Some ask a human image to adore ;
 Some crave a spirit vast as life and love ;
 Within Thy mansions we have all and more.

O glorious Triune God, embracing all,
 By many paths do men approach Thy throne ;
 All paths are Thine ; Thou hearest every call ;
 Each earnest seeker has Thee for his own.

—*Rev. G. Matheson.*

NOT IN ABASEMENT

Not in abasement lift we to Thy Face,
 O Lord, our eyes of love,
 But recognising, king-like, through Thy Grace,
 Our heritage above.
 No pang we feel when face to face with Thee,
 Nor shame nor sense of loss ;
 Only immortal radiance, purged and free
 From mortal dross.

This is Thine Art, O Heavenly Magician,
 Thy greatness does not quell.
 It works not through the ashes of contrition,
 But by a nobler spell.
 More than ourselves we feel when we are near
 Thee ;

Our hearts expand to Thine ;
 Bared are our souls to Thee ; how can they
 fear Thee

Themselves Divine ?

Then for a godlike moment, Revelation
 Flames like an evening star.
 Unveiled in that swift divine purgation,
 Comes sight of what we are !
 Not then beyond all reach of hope or yearning
 Seemeth the light in Thee,
 But as a beacon, telling, in its burning,
 What we shall be.
 —*E. A. Wodehouse* (" S. Alban's Hymnal ").

Shall there be tears, and I not help to dry
 them ?
 Shall there be need, and I not hear its call ?
 Shall any faint, and I not hasten nigh them,
 With mine own strength to hold them, lest
 they fall ?
 Lives there in all the world so deep a sorrow
 That I should quail and fear to share its load ?
 Shall any turn to me, and fail to borrow
 Strength for the climbing of the upward road ?
 Great Lord all-loving, if this frailty be,
 Strengthen my soul and draw it nearer Thee.
 Still dost Thou labour on, when all are sleeping ;
 Thy perfect Love no respite knows nor rest.
 Thine is the burden of a whole world's weeping,
 A whole world's pain finds echo in Thy breast.
 None, none so lost, Thy kindness cannot find
 them ;

Give me a heart like waters stilled at even,
To feel the ruffle of the lightest sigh :
Give me an eye that, like the stainless heaven,
Knoweth each smallest cloud that floateth by :
Give me a hand that equal blessing showers,
Even like God's rain, on foul as well as fair ;
That, in my path, kind deeds may spring like
flowers
And gentle thoughts with fragrance fill the air,
Great Lord, all-loving, teach me how to be,
Though infinitely far, yet liker Thee.

—*E. A. Wodehouse* (" S. Alban's Hymnal ").

He who would valiant be
'Gainst all disaster
Let him in constancy
Follow the Master.

There's no discouragement
Shall make him once relent
His first avowed intent
To be a pilgrim.

Who so beset him round
With dismal stories,
Do but themselves confound—
His strength the more is.

No foes shall stay his might
Though he with giants fight ;
He will make good his right
To be a pilgrim.

Since, Lord, Thou dost defend
Us with Thy Spirit,
We know we at the end
Shall life inherit.

Then fancies flee away !
I'll fear not what men say,
I'll labour night and day
To be a pilgrim.

—“ English Hymnal ”. No. 402. Based on
John Bunyan.

Thou art coming, O my Saviour,
Thou art coming, O my King ;
In Thy beauty all transcendent,
In Thy glory all resplendent,
Well may we rejoice and sing.

Coming—in the opening East
 Herald brightness slowly swells,
 Coming—O our glorious priest
 Hear we not Thy golden bells ?

Thou art coming, Thou art coming,
 We shall meet Thee on Thy way ;
 We shall see Thee, we shall know Thee,
 We shall tell Thee, we shall show Thee
 All our hearts could never say.
 O, how great the joy will be,
 Telling out our love to Thee,
 Pouring out our rapture sweet
 At Thine own all-glorious feet.

Thou art coming—we are waiting
 With a hope that cannot fail ;
 Asking not the day or hour,
 Resting on Thy word of power,
 Anchored safe within the veil.
 Time appointed may be long,
 But the vision still is sure,
 Certainty shall make us strong,
 Joyous patience can endure.

—*Frances Ridley Havergal.*

Take my life, and let it be
 Consecrated, Lord, to Thee ;
 Take my moments and my days,
 Let them flow in ceaseless praise.

Take my hands, and let them move
 At the impulse of Thy love ;
 Take my feet, and let them be
 Swift and beautiful for Thee.

Take my voice, and let me sing
 Always, only, for my King.
 Take my lips and let them be
 Filled with messages from Thee.

Take my silver and my gold,
 Not a mite would I withhold ;
 Take my intellect and use
 Every power as Thou shalt choose.

Take my will and make it Thine,
 It will be no longer mine ;
 Take my heart—it is Thine own,
 It shall be Thy royal throne.

Take my love, my Lord ; I pour
 At Thy feet its treasure store ;
 Take myself, and I will be
 Ever, only, All for Thee.

—*Frances Ridley Havergal.*

A NEW YEAR'S HYMN

"They will go from strength to strength"

From glory unto glory ! Be this our joyous song,
As on the king's own highway we bravely march
along !

From glory unto glory ! O word of stirring cheer,
As dawns the solemn brightness of another glad
New Year.

From glory unto glory ! What great things He
hath done,

What wonders He hath shown us, what triumphs
He hath won !

From glory unto glory ! What mighty blessings
crown

The lives for which our Lord hath laid His own so
freely down !

The fulness of His blessing encompasseth our way ;
The fulness of His promises crowns every bright-
'ning day ;

The fulness of His glory is beaming from above,
While more and more we learn to know the fulness
of His love.

And closer and yet closer the golden bonds shall be,
Uniting all who love our Lord in pure sincerity ;
And wider yet and wider shall the circling glory
glow,

As more and more are taught of God that mighty
Love to know.

O let our adoration for all that He hath done,
 Peal out beyond the stars of God, while voice and
 life are one ;
 And let our consecration be real, deep and true ;
 Oh, even now our hearts shall bow, and joyful
 vows renew.

Now onward, ever onward, from strength to
 strength we go,
 While grace for grace abundantly shall from His
 fulness flow,
 To glory's full fruition, from glory's foretaste here,
 Until His very Presence crown our happiest New
 Year.

—*Frances Ridley Havergal.*

THE DAY OF THE LORD

The Day of the Lord is at hand !
 Its storms roll up the sky ;
 The Nations sleep starving on heaps of gold ;
 All dreamers toss and sigh ; . . .
 The night is darkest before the morn ;
 When the pain is sorest the child is born,
 And the Day of the Lord's at hand.

Gather you, gather you, angels of God—
 Freedom and mercy and truth ;
 O come ! for the earth is grown coward and old ;
 Come down, and renew us her youth.
 Wisdom, self-sacrifice, daring and love,
 Haste to the battle-field, stoop from above,
 To the Day of the Lord at hand.

Gather you, gather you, hounds of hell—
 Famine and plague and war ;
 Idleness, bigotry, cant, and misrule,
 Gather, and fall in the snare !
 Hireling and Mammonite, bigot and knave,
 Crawl to the battle-field, sneak to your grave,
 In the Day of the Lord at hand.

Who'd sit down and sigh for a lost age of gold
 While the Lord of all Ages is here ?
 True hearts will leap up at the trumpet of God,
 And those who can suffer can dare.
 Each old age of gold was an iron age too,
 And the meekest of saints may find stern work
 to do,
 In the Day of the Lord at hand.

—*Charles Kingsley.*

WHATEVER IS, IS BEST

I know as my life grows older,
And mine eyes have clearer sight,
That under each rank wrong, somewhere
There lies the root of right ;
That each sorrow has its purpose
By the sorrowing oft unguessed,
That as sure as the sun brings morning,
Whatever is, is best.

I know that each sinful action,
As sure as the night brings shade,
Is somewhere, sometime punished,
Though the hour be long delayed.
I know that the soul is aided
Sometimes by the heart's unrest
And to grow means oft to suffer—
But whatever is, is best.

I know that there are no errors
In the great eternal plan,
And that all things work together
For the final good of man.
And I know when my soul speeds onward
In its grand eternal quest,
I shall say, as I look back earthward,
“Whatever is, is best.”

—*Ella Wheeler Wilcox.*

HYMN (TO CLOSE A SACRED CEREMONY)

Closed is the solemn hour
 The sacred rites are done :
 And lo ! the music of Thy power
 Thrills through us every one.
 O Master, let that harmony
 Sing through the lives we lead for Thee !

And now with reverent pace,
 Our strength renewed by Thine,
 Devoted guardians of Thy grace,
 Quit we this holy shrine,
 And pass into the silent night,
 To be the bearers of Thy light.

PRAYERS

O God Who knowest all things, and art therefore
 all-forgiving, grant us grace so to look upon the
 hearts of our brethren that we may never fail in
 understanding and compassion.

O Father of Light, in Whom is no darkness at
 all ; may our hearts be so irradiated by the glory
 of Thy divine Love that we may ever shine as
 beacons amid the stormy sea of life ; that, through us,

weary and tempest-driven souls may be guided to the heaven where they would be, and may rest in the eternal sunlight of Thy holy Presence.

O Holy Spirit, Breath of Life, and Fire of Love, touch our cold hearts, we pray Thee, with the glow of that celestial flame, that by Thy indwelling power we may shine forth as the sun to enlighten and encourage those our brethren who are lost in the darkness of ignorance, and guide them to Thee.

—*Liturgy of the Liberal Catholic Church*

A PSALM

The just man shall be as the light of the morning, even a morning without clouds; as the tender grass springeth out of the earth, as clear shining after rain. The righteous shall be clearer than the noonday; he shall shine forth, he shall be as the morning. His light shall break forth as the dawn; his righteousness shall go before him, and the glory of the lord shall be his reward.

[Extracts from a Hymn by Adam Boreel, born at Middleburg in 1603, freely translated into English "by a Lover of the Life of our Lord Jesus," probably Henry More, the Platonist.]

1. O Heavenly Light ! my spirit to Thee draw,
With powerful touch my senses smite,
Thine arrows of Love into me throw.
 With flaming dart
 Deep wound my heart,
And wounded seize for ever, as thy right.
3. Do thou my faculties all captivate
Unto thyself with strongest tye ;
My will entirely regulate :
 Make me thy slave,
 Nought else I crave
For this I know is perfect Liberty.
5. O endless good !
Break like a flood
Into my soul and water my dry earth,
6. That by this mighty power I being reft
Of everything that is not One,
To thee alone I may be left
 By a firm will
 Fixt to Thee still
And inwardly united into one.
11. So that at last, I being quite released
From this strait-laced Egoity
My soul will vastly be increased
 Into that All
 Which One we call,
And One in itself alone doth All imply.

12 Here's rest, here's Peace, here's Joy and Holy
 Love,
 The heaven is here of true Content,
 For those that seek the things above,
 Here's the true light
 Of Wisdom bright
 And Prudence pure with no self-seeking blent.

15. Thus shall you be united with that One,
 That One where's no Duality,
 For from that perfect Good alone
 Ever doth spring
 Each pleasant thing
 The hungry soul to feed and satisfy.

—Quoted in "Spiritual Reformers of the Sixteenth
 and Seventeenth Centuries," by *Rufus M. Jones*,
M.A., D. Litt.

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ON THE MOUNTAINS OF LEBANON

He lives upon the mountains far away,
 Where silver streams run downward to the sea,
 Through groves of oak and cedar, beech and pine,
 Beneath the blueness of an Eastern sky.

He walks among the people of the land
 Serene and gentle, holy and divine,
 Yet with a human heart to understand
 And sympathise with all their joy and pain;

And when his quiet footstep passes by
He leaves a wondrous benediction there.

The forest glades are his ; and oft at dawn,
When in new radiance glows the mighty sun,
He walks among the winding, peaceful ways
And everything is glad. The very trees
Spread out their boughs to shade him from the heat,
The flowers look up into his holy face
And pour sweet perfume to the breeze,
An incense offering to the one they love.
The wild, shy creatures of the wood draw near
And play around him, glad and unafraid.
At noon, perchance, in meditation high
He sits apart, and surely angel-forms
Guard sacredly his solitude—so deep,
So marvellous the silence of the hour.
And then at even, when the rising moon
Bathes all the world in mystic silver light,
He stands, perchance, and looks towards the sea—
Beyond the valleys and the forest lands,
And sends a benediction to the West :—
The West that loves him though it sees him not,
Nor realises that his wondrous love
Holds him on earth among his fellow-men
Until the Souls he loves at last are free ;
Yea, that incarnate love and pity lives
For us upon the mountains far away.

—*Carina Violet Maddocks.*

A FANTASY

Silvery grey in the moonlight
Lay the beleaguered town ;
The guns for the time were silent.
The weapons awhile laid down ;
And out in the quiet forest
The breezes of evening crept,
And the flowers were closed in slumber,
And near them the wild birds slept ;
When out of the wood there floated
A delicate fairy band,
Each little sprite was clinging
To another's timid hand.
And the sound of their plaintive singing
Trembled upon the air :
" O brothers, what mean these mortals
Destroying a world so fair ?
Our stateliest trees are shattered,
Our creatures in fear and pain,
Our flowers are crushed and broken
And stained with a fearful stain.
Where shall we flee for safety ?
How can we dare remain ?
O beautiful world of gladness,
When will you come again ? "

The delicate fairy voices still lingered in the air,
When suddenly came the vision of a Presence
standing there.

They fluttered in joy towards Him, and clustered
 around His feet,
 While like a benediction fell His accents grave
 and sweet :
 " My little fairy children, all shall be well ere
 long ;
 Fear not to grace the woodland with dainty
 dance and song ;
 Play in the silver moonlight, sport with the drops
 of dew,
 And know that I, your Brother, am guarding the
 world—and you ! "

—*Carina Violet Maddocks.*

" I WILL HOLD THEE BY THE
 RIGHT HAND "

The night is stormy, dark and cold ;
 Through danger and distress
 I stumble on o'er moor and wold
 And rocky wilderness.
 There is no light, above, below,
 In all this dreary land ;
 The path is hid, but this I know,
 One holds me by the hand.

The cruel stones upon the way
 They pain my weary feet.
 The low clouds rolling cold and grey
 Hide all the starlight sweet.
 And all my schemes are overthrown,
 The joys which I had planned—
 My hope is in His help alone
 Who holds me by the hand.

O Thou who leadest to the Light,
 Thou knowest all the Way,
 What if I stumble in the night ?
 To Thee the Dark is Day.
 In Thee I put my trust, where now
 I cannot understand ;
 All shall be well at last, for Thou
 Dost hold me by the hand.

—*Carina Violet Maddocks.*

IN HIM WE LIVE

The budding joy of the hedgerow,
 The pearly hue of the rose,
 The keen delight of the spring-time,
 The brilliance and depth of the stars,
 All radiance and splendour and beauty
 Are of the joy of the Lord.

The sound of the avalanche falling,
 The deafening roar of the sea,
 The sound of the wind in the forests,
 The silence of deserts at night,
 The song of birds before sunrise
 Are of the voice of the Lord.

The tender love of the mother,
 The father's protecting care,
 Affection of sister and brother,
 And friendship, faithful and true,
 All love and compassion and pity
 Are of the heart of the Lord.

One day the splendour of nature,
 All beauty of silence and sound,
 The love and tender compassion
 Joining us heart to heart,
 Will merge into one vast glory,
 Into the Life of the Lord.

—*Carina Violet Maddocks.*

FROM "A MEDITATION"

. . . For, all unworthy, I have seen my Lord—
 Have looked into the face of perfect Love
 Which shines for all the millions of mankind
 Who seek the Highest by the Way of Love.

And I have heard the accents of that Voice
 Which falls like perfect music on the ear :
 " Come unto Me, and I will give you rest."
 And I have felt the touch of mighty Hands,
 All-powerful, yet gentle, laid on me,
 And before living Wisdom, Power and Love
 Have fallen low in worship . . .

—*Carina Violet Maddocks.*

" PEACE TO ALL BEINGS "

Peace be to North and South, to East and West,
 Peace be to all above and all below,
 Peace, all-embracing, all-pervading Peace.

The Peace of quiet lakes and hills and woods,
 The Peace of summer eves and moonlit nights,
 The Peace of ocean calms and starry skies.
 The Peace of faithful and contented hearts,
 The Peace and Blessing of the Holy Ones,
 Flow into me and out from me to all ;
 Peace be from me to all, from each to all,
 In all the three worlds dwelling, Peace, Peace,
 Peace.

Nay, let there be no more of me and mine ;
 Let me but live a centre in the Peace.
 Lose, whelm, forget and merge myself in Peace,
 Peace all-embracing, all-pervading Peace.
 Peace to all Beings, everlasting Peace.
 —*Carina Violet Maddocks.*

Do not condemn the man that yields [to temptation] ; stretch out your hand to him as a brother pilgrim whose feet have become heavy with mire.

Remember, O Disciple, that great though the gulf may be between the good man and the sinner, it is greater between the good man and the man who has attained knowledge ; it is immeasurable between the good man and the one on the threshold of divinity. Therefore be wary lest too soon you fancy yourself a thing apart from the mass.

When you have found the beginning of the way the star of your soul will show its light ; and by that light you will perceive how great is the darkness in which it burns . . . Be not appalled and terrified by the sight ; keep your eyes fixed on the small light and it will grow. But let the darkness within help you to understand the helplessness of those who have seen no light, whose souls are in profound gloom.

Blame them not. Shrink not from them, but try to lift a little of the heavy karma of the world ; give

your aid to the few strong hands that hold back the powers of darkness from obtaining complete victory.

—*Light on the Path.*

Ask, and it shall be given you; seek, and ye shall find; knock, and it shall be opened unto you. If wealth were to be had for asking, what eagerness, what diligence, what perseverance! If treasure were to be had for seeking, what portion of earth's surface would escape the spade? If knocking would give entrance to the cabinets and confidence of kings, what crowding and clamour would be there! In the quest of false happiness, no effort is spared. Endurance and opposing dangers, men count as nothing, when the phantom of this world's glory rises before them. The riches of heavenly grace are the only genuine good—yet these they deign not to ask; for the attainment of these they turn away. Awake! arise without delay! Ask, seek, knock, without pause or relaxation; for the words of Jesus Christ are faithful and true.

—*Fénelon.*

The wide and ever-open portal where the crowd throngs in leads to destruction. When broad and level ways present themselves, let our fears awake! While the world smiles upon us, and our path seems

easy, woe unto us ! Never do we stand better for the life to come, than when it goes hard with us in the present. Let us then give diligent heed that we go not with multitudes who take the wide and unobstructed road : be it ours to trace out the paths in which the few have moved, the footsteps of the Saints, the rugged way of penitence : to mount from rock to rock, to gain firm footing by the sweat of our brow, and to look forward to the last step of life, as a final and violent effort to enter in at the straight gate of eternity.

—*Fénelon.*

It is especially our duty to reveal the spirit of God in the things of science and of the practical life. Herein lies a new revelation, a new language, a direct symbolism. Science, just like art and music, can be materialistic—science can aim only at mechanical advancement and worldly wealth, which is not wealth at all—just as art can aim only at pleasure, desire, and drawing-room appreciation. But this need not be so. Certainly no one in a responsible position can teach science for long without the coming of the revelation, of a new voice, a new method of expression, a new art—revealing quite changed standards of value, quite new significances of what we speak of as culture, beauty, love, justice. A new voice speaks to the souls of men and women

calling for a new age with all its altered relationships and adventures of life . . .

With eyes opened to this new art you can wander through the science block and find in it all a new Bible, a new book of Genesis. So we believe. This is our duty and our faith. Into this Paradise have you been placed to dress it and to keep it.

—Quoted from a sermon of Sanderson's in
"Sanderson of Oundle," by H. G. Wells.

FROM "THE IMITATION OF CHRIST"

—*Thomas à Kempis.*

A humble knowledge of thyself is a surer way to God than a deep search after learning.

Oftentimes I would wish that I had held my peace, when I have spoken; and that I had not been in company. Why do we so willingly speak and talk with one another, when notwithstanding we seldom return to silence without hurt of conscience?

If it be lawful and expedient for thee to speak, speak those things that may edify.

Turn thine eyes unto thyself, and beware thou judge not the deeds of other men. In judging of

others a man laboureth in vain, often erreth, and easily sinneth; but in judging and discussing of himself, he always laboureth fruitfully.

* * *

He doeth much, that doeth a thing well.

* * *

Endeavour to be patient in bearing with the defects and infirmities of others, of what sort soever they be; for that thyself also hast many failings which must be borne with by others.

* * *

If thou canst not continually recollect thyself, yet do it sometimes, at the least once a day, namely in the morning or at night.

* * *

If he that firmly purposeth often faileth, what shall he do that seldom purposeth anything, or with little resolution?

* * *

Seek a convenient time to retire into thyself, and meditate often upon God's loving-kindness.

* * *

O my brother, lose not thy confidence of making progress in godliness; there is yet time, the hour is not yet past.

* * *

Why wilt thou defer thy good purpose from day to day? Arise and begin in this very instant, and say,

now is the time to be doing, now is the time to be striving, now is the fit time to amend myself.

* * *

He that is zealous and diligent, though he have more passions, shall profit more in virtue, than another that is of a more temperate disposition, if he be less fervent in the pursuit of virtue.

* * *

Two things especially much further our amendment—to wit, to withdraw ourselves violently from that to which nature inclined, and to labour earnestly for that virtue which we most need.

Be careful also to avoid with great diligence those things in thyself, which do commonly displease thee in others.

* * *

Regard not much who is for thee, or against thee; but think what thou art about, and take care that God may be with thee in everything thou doest.

* * *

It is no great matter to associate with the good and gentle; for this is naturally pleasing to all, and every one willingly enjoyeth peace, and loveth those best that agree with him.

But to be able to live peaceably with hard and perverse persons, or with the disorderly, or with such as go contrary to us, is a great grace, and a most commendable and manly thing.

* * *

Man looketh on the countenance, but God on the heart. Man considereth the deeds, but God weigheth the intentions.

* * *

It is good counsel, that when fervour of spirit is kindled within thee, thou shouldest consider how it will be, when that light shall leave thee. And when this does happen, then remember that the light may return again, which, as a warning to thyself and for thine own glory, I have withdrawn for a time.

* * *

Use temporal things, and desire eternal.

* * *

Think not thyself wholly left, although for a time I have sent thee some tribulation, or even have withdrawn thy desired comfort; for this is the way to the Kingdom of Heaven.

* * *

There is great difference between the wisdom of an illuminated and devout man, and the knowledge of a learned and studious clerk.

* * *

Thou oughtest not to turn away, nor at once to be cast down, when thou hearest of the way of the perfect; but shouldest rather be stirred up to higher things, at least in desire to sigh after them.

* * *

Dispose not thyself for much rest, but for great patience.

* * *

Never read thou the Word of God in order to appear more learnèd or more wise.

* * *

The perfect victory is to triumph over ourselves.

* * *

Say thou thus in everything: "Lord, if this be pleasing unto thee, so let it be."

* * *

Let go all transitory things, and seek those that be everlasting.

* * *

The most pitiful reward is sought after; for a single piece of money sometimes there is shameful contention; for a vain matter and slight promise men fear not to toil night and day.

But, alas! for an unchangeable good, for an inestimable reward, for the highest honour, and glory without end, they grudge even the least fatigue . . . they are found to be more ready to destruction than thou art to life. They rejoice more in vanity than thou dost in the truth.

* * *

Let nothing seem great, nothing precious and wonderful, nothing worthy of estimation, nothing

high, nothing truly commendable and to be desired,
but that alone which is eternal.

* * *

Some there are who resign themselves [to God],
but with certain exceptions; for they put not their
full trust in God, and therefore they study how to
provide for themselves.

Some also at first do offer all, but afterwards
being assailed with temptation, they return again to
their own ways, and therefore make no progress in
the path of virtue.

Give all for all; ask for nothing, require back
nothing; abide purely and unhesitatingly in Me, and
thou shalt possess Me; thou shalt be free in heart,
and darkness shall not tread thee down.

* * *

Always commit thy cause to Me, I will dispose
well of it in due time.

Wait for My ordering of it, and thou shalt find it
will be for thy good.

* * *

Lament with pain and sighing that thou art yet so
carnal and worldly, so unmortified in thy passions, so
full of the motions of concupiscence:

So unwatchful over thy outward senses, so often
entangled with many vain fancies:

So much inclined to outward things, so negligent in
things inward and spiritual:

Would not he be a Fool, who going out to tilt with others, and falling in the midst of the course, should lie weeping on the Ground, afflicting himself with reasonings about his Fall? Man (they would say) lose no time, get up and take up the contest again; for he that rises again quickly, and continues his Race, is as if he had never fallen.

* * *

It has been said by St. Bernard, that to serve God *is* nothing else but to do Good and suffer Evil. He that would go to Perfection by the means of sweetness and consolation, *is* deceived. Thou must desire no other Consolation from God, than to end thy Life for His sake, in a state of true Obedience and subjection. The way of Christ our Lord was not that of Sweetness and Softness, nor did He invite us to any such, either by His words, or Example, when He said, . . . *If any man would come after Me, let him deny himself, and take up his Cross and follow Me.* The Soul that would be united to Christ, must be like Him, following Him, in the way of suffering.

* * *

He that taketh refuge in excuses and replies has not a simple and humble heart, especially if he does this with his Superiors; because, replies grow from a secret pride that reigns in the Soul, and from thence proceeds total ruin.

Obstinate self-excuse implies a lack of submission, and this implies still less humility; and both

together they are the source of unrest, discord and disturbance.

* * *

The truly humble man, though he see all, yet he judges of nothing, for he judges ill only of himself.

The truly humble man doth always find an excuse to defend him that mortifies him, at least with a good intention. Who therefore would be angry with a man of good intention !

False humility as much displeases God as does true Pride, nay more, because the former is also hypocrisy.

* * *

Know that he who would attain to the Mystical Science, must abandon and be detached from five things: 1. From creatures. 2. From temporal things. 3. From the very Gifts of the Holy Spirit. 4. From himself. 5. He must be lost in God. This last is the completest of all ; because that Soul only that knows how to be so detached, is that which attains to being lost in God, and thus alone knows how safely to find herself.

—*De Molinos* ("The Spiritual Guide").

We should apply ourselves unceasingly to this one end, so to rule all actions, that they be little acts of communion with God ; but they must not be studied, they must come naturally, from the purity and simplicity of the heart.

We must do all things thoughtfully and soberly, without impetuosity or precipitancy, which denotes a mind undisciplined. We must go about our labours quietly, calmly, and lovingly, entreating Him to prosper the works of our hands; by thus keeping heart and mind fixed on GOD, we shall bruise the head of the evil one, and beat down his weapons to the ground.

—*Brother Lawrence.*

A leafless tree he (Brother Lawrence) saw in winter first flashed in upon his soul the *fact* of GOD; so great and so sublime was the vision that after forty years it was as clear and vivid as when he first received it. Such was his practice, throughout life, using things seen to lead him up to the Unseen Eternal.

“In the way of GOD, *thoughts* count for little, *love* is everything.”

“Nor is it needful,” he goes on to say, “that we should have great things to do.” I am giving you a picture of a lay-brother serving in a kitchen; let me then use his own words: “We can do *little* things for GOD; I turn the cake that is frying on the pan for love of Him, and that done, if there is nothing else to call me, I prostrate myself in worship before Him, Who has given me grace to work; afterwards I rise happier than a king. It is enough for me to pick up a straw from the ground for the love of GOD.”

Once when Brother Lawrence was very ill, a man of great sanctity of life came to visit him, and asked him which he would choose, if God permitted him, whether to live a little longer to grow in holiness, or to receive him at once into heaven. The good brother never hesitated; he replied that he would leave the choice to God; that as for himself he had nothing else to do but to wait in peace, till God should show him what was His will.

This disposition brought him to so great an indifference about everything, and to such perfect freedom, that it was very like the freedom of the Blessèd. He had no bias; not a trace of self could one discover in his character, nor of any prejudice arising from those natural attachments which men commonly possess. He was beloved equally of those of the most contrary temperaments. He wished well to all, without respect of persons. Citizen of Heaven, nothing could hold him chained to earth; his vision was not bordered by time; from long contemplation of Him, Who is Eternal, he had become himself like Him.

“Believe me, count as lost each day you have not used in loving God.”

—*Brother Lawrence.*

THE HEART OF A BIRD

A JAPANESE SONG

1. *What does the bird-seller know of the heart
of a bird?*

There was a bird in a cage of gold, a small, red
bird in a cage of gold.

The sun shone through the bars of the cage, out of
the wide heaven.

The depths of the sky were soft and blue, greatly
to be longed for.

The bird sang for desire of the sky, and her feathers
shone redder for sorrow :

And many passed in the street below, and they said,
one to another,

“ Ah, that we had hearts as light as a bird’s !”

*But what does the passer-by know of the
heart of a bird?*

2. *What does the bird-seller know of the heart
of a bird?*

“ I have given grain for you to eat, and water that
you may bathe.

Shall not this bird be content? Is there need to
clip her wings? ”

“ No, for the cage is very strong, the golden bars
are set close.”

Yet the real bird has flown away, very far away
over the rice-fields.

There is only the shadow-body in the cage.

*What does the bird-seller care for the heart
of a bird?*

—*Dorothea Mackellar*, an Australian writer,
born in Sydney, in "The Closed Door and Other
Verses" (Australian Authors' Agency).

S. FRANCIS AND THE BIRDS

And passing along, in fervour of soul, he lifted up his eyes and saw many trees standing by the way, and filled with a countless multitude of little birds; at which St. Francis wondered, and said to his companions: "Wait a little for me in the road, and I will go and preach to my sisters the birds. And he entered into the field, and began to preach to the birds that were on the ground. And suddenly those that were in the trees came around him, and together they all remained silent, so long as it pleased St. Francis to speak; and even after he had finished, they would not depart until he had given them his blessing. And according as Brother Masseo afterwards related to Brother James of La Massa,

St. Francis went among them and touched them with his cloak, and none of them moved.

The substance of the sermon was this : “ My little sisters, the birds, you are much beholden to God your Creator, and in all places you ought to praise Him, because He has given you liberty to fly about in all places, and has given you double and triple raiment. Know also, that He preserved your race in the ark of Noah that your species might not perish. And again, you are beholden to Him for the element of air, which He has appointed for you ; and for this also, that you neither sow nor reap, but God feeds you, and gives you the brooks and fountains for your drink, the mountains and valleys also for your refuge, and the tall trees wherein to make your nests. And since you know neither how to sew nor to spin, God clothes you, you and your young ones. Wherefore your Creator loves you much, since He has bestowed on you so many benefits. And therefore beware, my little sisters, of the sin of ingratitude, and study always to please God.”

As St. Francis spoke thus to them, all the multitude of these birds opened their beaks, and stretched out their necks ; and opening their wings, and reverently bowing their heads to the earth, by their acts and by their songs they showed that the words of the holy Father gave them the greatest delight. And St. Francis rejoiced, and was glad with them, and marvelled much at such a multitude of birds, and at

their beautiful variety, and their attention and familiarity; for all which he devoutly praised their Creator in them. Finally, having finished his sermon, St. Francis made the sign of the Cross over them, and gave them leave to depart; and thereupon all these birds arose in the air, with wonderful singing; and after the fashion of the sign of the Cross which St. Francis had made over them, they divided themselves into four parts; and one part flew towards the east, and another to the west, another to the south, and another to the north, and all departing went their way singing wonderful songs; signifying by this, that as St. Francis, standard-bearer of the Cross of Christ, had preached to them, and made on them the sign of the Cross, after which they had divided themselves, going to the four parts of the world; so the preaching of the Cross of Christ, renewed by St. Francis, should be carried by him and by his Brothers to the whole world; and that these Brothers, after the fashion of the birds, should possess nothing of their own in this world, but commit their lives solely to the Providence of God.

—*The Little Flowers of S. Francis of Assisi.*

THOUGHTS FROM SOME CHRISTIAN
MYSTICS

(Quoted from "Spiritual Reformers in the
Sixteenth and Seventeenth Centuries"
by *Rufus M. Jones, M.A., D. Litt.*)

Anyone who feels the full significance of what is
involved in knowing the *truth* has a coercive feeling
that Eternity has been set within us, that our finite
life is deeply rooted in the all-pervading Infinite.

—*Rufus M. Jones.*

When the world's pleasures for my soul sufficed,
Ere my heart's plummet sounded depths of pain,
I called on reason to control my brain,
And scoffed at that old story of the Christ.
But when o'er burning wastes my feet had trod,
And all my life was desolate with loss,
With bleeding hands I clung about the cross,
And cried aloud: "Man needs a suffering God."
—*E. W. Wilcox* ("Poems of Life and Moments.")

"I wish," Erasmus wrote to Capito in 1518, "that
there could be an end of scholastic subtleties, or, if

not an end, that they could be thrust into a second place and Christ be taught plainly and simply. The reading of the Bible and the early Fathers will have this effect. Doctrines are taught now which have no affinity with Christ, and only darken our eyes." Again in 1521 he wrote to a friend, words which appear again and again in his letters. "It would be well for us if we thought less about our dogmas and more about the gospel," or, as he often puts it, "if we made less of dogmatic subtleties and more of Scripture."

To be a Christian is to be in measure like Christ, and to be ready to be offered as He gave Himself to be offered. I do not say that we *are* perfect as Christ was, but I say rather that we are to seek the perfection which Christ never lost. Christ calls Himself the Light of the world, but He also tells His disciples that *they* too are the light of the world. All Christians in whom the Holy Ghost lives—that is all real Christians—are one with Christ in God and are like Christ. They will therefore have similar experiences, and what Christ did they will also do.

—*Hans Denck* (Bavaria, 1495).

"Ceremonies," Hans Denck writes in his dying confession, "in themselves are not sin, but whoever

supposes that he can attain to life either by baptism or by partaking of bread, is still in superstition." "If all ceremonies," he adds, "were lost, little harm would come of it." He appeals to Christians to stop quarrelling over these outward and secondary matters, and to make religion consist in love to neighbour rather than in zeal for outward ceremonies. He laid down this great principle: "All externals must yield to love, for they are for the sake of love, and not love for their sake."

In every age, and in every land, the inner Word of God, the Voice of the Spirit speaking within, clarifying the mind and training the spiritual perceptions by a progressive experience, has made for itself a chosen people and has gathered out of the world a little inner circle of those who know the Truth because it was formed within themselves. This "inner circle of those who know" is the true Church: "The Church is chosen, saved, purified, sanctified group in whom God dwells, upon whom the Holy Ghost has poured out His gifts and with whom Christ the Lord shares His offices and His mission."

—*Christian Entfelder* (1500?).

Scattered everywhere throughout the world—even in Turkey and Calcutta—God has, he says, His own

faithful people, known only to Him, who live Christ-like and holy lives, whom Christ the living Word, that becomes flesh, baptises inwardly with the Holy Spirit and inwardly feeds without external preaching or sacrament, writes His law in their hearts and guides into Eternal Life.

—*Caspar Schwenkfeld* (1489).

I cannot do violence to my conscience for fear of disobeying Christ. I must be saved or lost by my own personal faith, not by that of another. I ask you, whether Christ, who forgave those who went astray, and commanded His followers to forgive until seventy times seven, Christ who is the final Judge of us all, if He were here, would command a person like—that [Servetus] to be killed! . . . O Christ, Creator and King of the World, dost Thou see and approve these things? Hast Thou become a totally different person from what Thou wert? When Thou wert on earth, nothing could be more gentle and kind, more ready to suffering injuries. Thou wert like a sheep dumb before the shearers. Beaten, spit upon, mocked, crowned with thorns, crucified between thieves, Thou didst pray for those who injured Thee. Hast Thou changed to this? Art Thou now so cruel and contrary to Thyself? Dost Thou command that those who do not understand

Thy ordinances and commandments as those over us require, should be drowned, or drawn and quartered, and burned at the stake !

—*Sebastian Castellio* (France, 1515).

“ I am,” cried out Castellio, beneath the bludgeons, “ a poor little man, more than simple, humble and peaceable, with no desire for glory, only affirming what in my heart I believe ; why cannot I live and say my honest word and have your love ? ” The time was not ready for him, but he did his day’s work with loyalty, sincerity and bravery, and seen in perspective is worthy to be honoured as a hero and a saint.

Coornhert [D. V. Coornhert, 1522, Amsterdam] makes a sharp distinction between lower knowledge and higher knowledge—knowledge proper. Lower knowledge does not get beyond images and copies of true reality. It is sufficient for man’s practical guidance in the affairs of this world of space and time, but it becomes only a “ dead knowledge ” when it is applied to matters of eternal moment. The higher knowledge, on the other hand, is knowledge won through direct experience and

practice of the will. This higher knowledge is possible for man because through Reason he partakes of the Word of God which is Reason itself revealed and uttered, and therefore he may know God and know of his own salvation with a certainty that far transcends the lower knowledge which he possesses of external things, or of mere historical happenings.

Valentine Weigel (1533—1588) speaks of Christ's Double Identity. In Christ we see God, and an equal identity with man ; so that Christ is man revealed in his fulfilled possibilities. Here he is influenced by Schwenkfeld.

The resurrection and ascension are the normal outcome of the Christ-like nature. We must "put on Christ" for we have Christ in us.

Truth is within ourselves ; it takes no rise
 From outward things, whate'er you may believe.
 There is an inmost centre in us all,
 Where truth abides in fulness ; and around,
 Wall upon wall, the gross flesh hems it in,
 This perfect, clear perception—which is truth.
 A baffling and perverting carnal mesh
 Binds it, and makes all error : and, to KNOW

Rather consists in opening out a way
 Whence the imprisoned splendour may escape,
 Than in effecting entry for a light
 Supposed to be without !
 —*Browning* ("Paracelsus," 1493—1541).

A STORY OF JACOB BOEHME (1575)

One day a stranger, plain and mean in dress, but otherwise of good presence, came to the shop and asked to buy a pair of shoes. As the master shoemaker was absent, the uninitiated prentice-boy did not feel competent to sell the shoes, but the buyer would not be put off. Thereupon young Jacob set an enormous price upon them, hoping to stave off the trade. The man, however, without any demur paid the price, took the shoes and went out. Just outside the door the stranger stopped, and in a serious tone called out: "Jacob, come hither to me!" The man, with shining eyes looking him full in the face, took his hand and said: "Jacob, thou art little but thou shalt become great—a man very different from the common cast, so that thou shalt be a wonder to the world. Be a good lad; fear God and reverence His Word." With a little more counsel, the stranger

pressed his hand and went his way, leaving the boy amazed.

The true mystical experience is not primarily a knowledge-experience, it is not the apprehension to one more describable fact to be added to our total stock of information—what Boehme so often calls “opinions” and “history”—it is a sudden plunge or immersion into the stream of Life itself, it is the interior appreciation of the higher meaning of life by the discovering of a way of entering the Life-process, or, better, of letting the Life-process enter you, on a higher level than is usual. Life always advances by a kind of leap, an *élan*, which would not have been predicted or anticipated, but which, now it is here revealed in a being with a novel function and a higher capacity of survival, will lift the whole scale of life henceforth to a new level. So, in some way which must for the present at least remain mysterious, the eternal Source of Life, when it finds a human door ready for its entrance, breaks in—or shall we say that the *earnest will* climbs up and pushes open the door into new regions in this eternal Life Source?—and it seems then, as Boehme says, as though “the true nature of God and man and the true relation between God and man has been found”.

“Certainly Adam in Paradise had not more sweet and curious apprehensions of the world, than I when I was a child. All appeared new, and strange at first, inexpressibly rare and delightful and beautiful. I was a little stranger, which at my entrance into the world was saluted and surrounded with innumerable joys. My knowledge was Divine . . . My very ignorance was advantageous. I seemed as one brought into the Estate of Innocence. All things were spotless and pure and glorious : yea, and infinitely mine, and joyful and precious. I knew not that there were any sins, or complaints or laws. I dreamed not of poverities, contentions or vices. All tears and quarrels were hidden from mine eyes. Everything was at rest, free and immortal. I knew nothing of sickness or death or rents or exaction, either for tribute or bread. In the absence of these I was entertained like an Angel with the works of God in their splendour and glory, I saw all the peace of Eden ; Heaven and Earth did sing my Creator’s praises, and could not make more melody to Adam, than to me. All Time was Eternity, and a perpetual Sabbath. Is it not strange, that an infant should be heir of the whole World, and see those mysteries which the books of the learned never unfold ?

“The corn was orient and immortal wheat, which never should be reaped, nor was ever sown. I thought it had stood from everlasting to everlasting. The dust and stones of the street were as precious as

gold ; the gates were at first the end of the world. The green trees when I saw them first through one of the gates transported and ravished me, their sweetness and unusual beauty made my heart to leap, and almost mad with ecstasy, they were such strange and wonderful things. The Men ! O what venerable and reverend creatures did the aged seem ! Immortal Cherubims ! And young men glittering and sparkling Angels, and maids strange seraphic pieces of life and beauty ! Boys and girls tumbling in the street, and playing, were moving jewels. I knew not that they were born or should die. But all things abided eternally as they were in their proper places. Eternity was manifest in the Light of the Day, and something infinite behind everything appeared ; which talked with my expectation and moved my desire. The city seemed to stand in Eden, or to be built in Heaven. The streets were mine, the temple was mine, the people were mine, their clothes and gold and silver were mine, as much as their sparkling eyes, fair skins and ruddy faces. The skies were mine, and so were the sun and moon and stars, and all the World was mine ; and I the only spectator and enjoyer of it . . . So that with much ado I was corrupted, and made to learn the dirty devices of this world. Which now I unlearn, and become, as it were, a little child again that I may enter into the Kingdom of God."

—*Thomas Traherne* (A shoemaker's son, 1636).

How like an Angel came I down !
 How bright are all things here !
 When first among His works I did appear
 O how their Glory did me crown !
 The World resembled His *Eternity*
 In which my soul did walk ;
 And everything that I did see
 Did with me talk.

—*Thomas Traherne.*

Happy those early days when I
 Shined in my Angel infancy !
 Before I understood this place
 Appointed for my second race,
 Or taught my soul to fancy aught
 But a white celestial thought.

.

When on some gilded cloud or flower
 My gazing soul would dwell an hour,
 And in those weaker glories spy
 Some shadows of eternity.

.

But felt through all this fleshly dress
 Bright shoots of everlastingness.

—*Henry Vaughan* ("The Retreat").

FROM "SAINT PAUL"

Oh could I tell, ye surely would believe it !
 Oh could I only say what I have seen !
 How should I tell or how can ye receive it,
 How, till He bringeth you where I have been ?

Therefore, O Lord, I will not fail nor falter,
 Nay, but I ask it, nay but I desire,
 Lay on my lips Thine embers of the altar,
 Seal with the sting and furnish with fire ;

Give me a voice, a cry and a complaining—
 Oh let my sound be stormy in their ears !
 Throat that would shout but cannot stay for
 straining,
 Eyes that would weep but cannot wait for tears.

* * *

So even I athirst for His inspiring,
 I who have talked with Him forget again,
 Yes, many days with sobs and with desiring,
 Offer to God a patience and a pain ;

Then thro' the mid complaint of my confession,
 Then thro' the pang and passion of my prayer,
 Leaps with a start the shock of his possession,
 Thrills me and touches, and the Lord is there !

* * *

Scarcely I catch the words of His revealing,
 Hardly I hear Him, dimly understand,
 Only the Power that is within me pealing
 Lives on my lips and beckons to my hand.

Whoso hath felt the Spirit of the Highest
 Cannot confound nor doubt Him nor deny :
 Yea with one voice, O world, tho' thou deniest,
 Stand thou on that side, for on this am I.

Rather the earth shall doubt when her retrieving
 Pours in the rain and rushes from the sod,
 Rather than he for whom the great conceiving
 Stirs in his soul to quicken into God.

Ay, tho' Thou then shouldst strike him from his
 glory
 Blind and tormented, maddened and alone,
 Even on the cross would he maintain his story,
 Yes, and in hell would whisper, I have known.

* * *

Hark what a sound, and too divine for hearing,
 Stirs on the earth and trembles in the air !
 Is it the thunder of the Lord's appearing ?
 Is it the music of his people's prayer ?

Surely He cometh, and a thousand voices
 Shout to the saints and to the deaf are dumb ;
 Surely He cometh, and the earth rejoices
 Glad in His coming Who hath sworn, I come.

This hath He done and shall we not adore Him ?
 This shall He do and can we still despair ?
 Come let us quickly fling ourselves before Him,
 Cast at His feet the burthen of our care,

Flash from our eyes the glow of our thanksgiving,
 Glad and regretful, confident and calm,
 Then thro' all life and what is after living
 Thrill to the tireless music of a psalm.

Yea thro' life, death, thro' sorrow and thro' sinning
 He shall suffice me, for He hath sufficed :
 Christ is the end, for Christ was the beginning,
 Christ the beginning, for the end is Christ.

—*F. W. H. Myers.*

THOUGHTS FROM RUSKIN

I believe, the first test of a truly great man is his humility. I do not mean by humility, doubt of his own power, or hesitation of speaking his opinions; but a right understanding of the relation between what *he* can do and say, and the rest of the world's sayings and doings. All great men not only know their business, but usually know that they know it;

and are not only right in their main opinions, but they usually know that they are right in them ; only they do not think much of themselves on that account. Arnolfo knows he can build a good dome at Florence : Albert Durer writes calmly to one who has found fault with its work—" It cannot be better done " ; Sir Isaac Newton knows that he has worked out a problem or two that would have puzzled anybody else ; only they do not expect their fellow-men, therefore, to fall down and worship them. They have a curious under-sense of powerlessness, feeling that the greatness is not *in* them, but *through* them—that they could not do or be anything else than God made them ; and they see something divine and God-made in every other man they meet, and are endlessly, foolishly, incredibly merciful.

* * *

Ascertain clearly what is wrong with you ; and so far as you know any means of mending it, take those means, and have done ; when you are examining yourself, never call yourself merely a " sinner " ; that is very cheap abuse, and utterly useless. You may even get to like it, and be proud of it. But call yourself a liar, a coward, a sluggard, a glutton or an evil-eyed, jealous wretch, if you indeed find yourself to be in any wise any of these. Take steady means to check yourself in whatever fault you have ascertained, and justly accused yourself of. And as

soon as you are in active way of mending, you will be no more inclined to moan over an undefined corruption. For the rest, you will find it less easy to uproot faults, than to choke them by gaining virtues. Do not think of your faults ; still less of others' faults ; in every person who comes near you, look for what is good and strong ; honour that ; rejoice in it ; and, as you can, try to imitate it ; and your faults will drop off, like dead leaves, when their time comes. If, on looking back, your whole life should seem rugged as a palm-tree stem ; still, never mind, so long as it has been growing ; and has its grand green shade of leaves, and weight of honeyed fruit, at top. And even if you cannot find much good in yourself at last think that it does not much matter to the universe either what you were, or are ; think how many people are noble, if you cannot be ; and rejoice in *their* nobleness. An immense quantity of modern confession of sin, even when honest, is merely a sickly egotism ; which will rather gloat over its own evil, than lose the centralisation of its interest in itself.

~ * *

Briefly, the constant duty of every man to his fellows is to ascertain his own powers and special gifts ; and to strengthen them for the help of others. Do you think Titian would have helped the world better by denying himself, and not painting : or Casella by denying himself, and not singing ? The

real virtue is to be ready to sing the moment people ask us: as he was, even in purgatory. The very word "virtue" means, not "conduct," but "strength," vital energy in the heart.

* * *

A pure or holy state of anything is that in which all its parts are helpful or consistent. The highest and first law of the universe, and the other name of life, is, therefore, "help". The other name of death is "separation". Government and co-operation are in all things, and eternally, the laws of life. Anarchy and competition, eternally, and in all things, the laws of death.

Perhaps the best, though the most familiar, example we could take of the nature and power of consistence, will be that of the possible changes in the dust we tread on.

Exclusive of animal decay, we can hardly arrive at a more absolute type of impurity, than the mud or slime of a damp over-trodden path, in the outskirts of a manufacturing town. I do not say mud of the road, because that is mixed with animal refuse; but take merely an ounce or two of the blackest slime of a beaten footpath, on a rainy day, near a manufacturing town. That slime we shall find in most cases composed of clay (or brickdust, which is burnt clay), mixed with soot, a little sand, and water. All these elements are at helpless war with each other, and

destroy reciprocally each other's nature and power ; competing and fighting for place at every tread of your foot ; sand squeezing out clay, and clay squeezing out water, and soot meddling everywhere, and defiling the whole. Let us suppose that this ounce of mud is left in perfect rest, and that its elements gather together, like to like, so that their atoms may get into the closest relations possible.

Let the clay begin. Ridding itself of all foreign substance, it gradually becomes a white earth, already very beautiful, and fit, with help of congealing fire, to be made into finest porcelain, and painted on, and be kept in kings' palaces. But such artificial consistence is not its best. Leave it still quiet, to follow its own instinct of unity, and it becomes, not only white, but clear ; not only clear, but hard ; not only clear and hard, but so set that it can deal with light in a wonderful way, and gather out of it the loveliest blue rays only, refusing the rest. We call it then a sapphire.

Such being the consummation of the clay, we give similar permission of quiet to the sand. It also becomes, first a white earth ; then proceeds to grow clear and hard, and at last arranges itself in mysterious, infinitely fine parallel lines, which have the power of reflecting, not merely the blue rays, but the blue, green, purple, and red rays, in the greatest beauty in which they can be seen through any hard material whatsoever. We call it then an opal.

In next order the soot sets to work. It cannot make itself white at first ; but, instead of being discouraged, tries harder and harder ; and comes out clear at last ; and the hardest thing in the world ; and for the blackness that it had, obtains in exchange the power of reflecting all the rays of the sun at once, in the vividest blaze that any solid thing can shoot. We call it then a diamond.

Last of all, the water purifies or unites itself ; contented enough if it only reach the form of a dewdrop ; but, if we insist on its proceeding to a more perfect consistence, it crystallises into the shape of a star. And, for the ounce of slime which we had by political economy of competition, we have by political economy of co-operation, a sapphire, an opal, and a diamond, set in the midst of a star of snow.

* * *

Five great intellectual professions, relating to daily necessities of life, have hitherto existed—three exist necessarily, in every civilised nation :

The Soldier's profession is to *defend* it.

The Pastor's to *teach* it.

The Physician's to *keep it in health*.

The Lawyer's to *enforce justice* in it.

The Merchant's to *provide* for it.

And the duty of all these men is, on due occasion, to *die* for it.

“ On due occasion,” namely :

The Soldier, rather than leave his post in battle.

The Physician, rather than leave his post in plague.

The Pastor, rather than teach Falsehood.

The Lawyer, rather than countenance Injustice.

The Merchant—what is *his* due occasion of death?

It is the main question for the merchant, as for all of us. For, truly, the man who does not know when to die, does not know how to live.

Observe, the merchant's function (or manufacturer's, for in the broad sense in which it is here used the word must be understood to include both) is to provide for the nation. It is no more his function to get profit for himself out of that provision than it is a clergyman's function to get his stipend. This stipend is a due and necessary adjunct but not the object of his life, if he be a true clergyman, any more than his fee (or honorarium) is the object of life to a true physician. Neither is his fee the object of life to a true merchant. All three, if true men, have a work to be done irrespective of fee—to be done even at any cost, or for quite the contrary of fee; the pastor's function being to teach, the physician's to heal, and the merchant's, as I have said, to provide. That is to say, he has to understand to their very root the qualities of the thing he deals in, and the means of obtaining or producing it; and he has to apply

all his sagacity and energy to the producing or obtaining it in perfect state, and distributing it at the cheapest possible price where it is most needed.

* * *

If your work is first with you, and your fee second, work is your master, and the lord of work, who is God. But if your fee is first with you, and your work second, fee is your master, and the lord of fee, who is the Devil; and not only the Devil, but the lowest of devils—the “least erected fiend that fell”. So there you have it in brief terms: Work first—you are God’s servants; Fee first—you are the Fiend’s. And it makes a difference, now and ever, believe me, whether you serve Him Who has on His vesture and thigh written: “King of Kings,” and Whose service is perfect freedom; or him on whose vesture and thigh the name is written: “Slave of Slaves,” and whose service is perfect slavery.

* * *

So then, you have the child’s character in these four things—Humility, Faith, Charity, and Cheerfulness. That’s what you have got to be converted to. “Except ye be converted and become as little children.”—You hear much of conversion nowadays: but people always seem to think they have got to be

made wretched by conversion—to be converted to long faces. No, friends, you have got to be converted to short ones; you have to repent into childhood, to repent into delight, and delightsomeness.

* * *

And bear with me, you soldier youths, who are thus in all ways the hope of your country, or must be, if she have any hope;—if I urge you with rude earnestness to remember that your fitness for all future trust depends upon what you are now. No good soldier in his old age was ever careless or indolent in his youth. Many a giddy and thoughtless boy has become a good bishop, or a good lawyer, or a good merchant; but no such an one ever became a good general. I challenge you, in all history, to find a record of a good soldier who was not grave and earnest in his youth. And, in general, I have no patience with people who talk of “the thoughtlessness of youth” indulgently. I had infinitely rather hear of thoughtless old age, and the indulgence due to *that*. When a man has done his work, and nothing can any way be materially altered in his fate, let him forget his toil, and jest with his fate, if he will; but what excuse can you find for wilfulness of thought, at the very time when every crisis of future fortune hangs on your decisions? A youth thoughtless! when all the happiness of his home for ever depends on the chances, or the

passions, of an hour ! A youth thoughtless ! when the career of all his days depends on the opportunity of a moment ! A youth thoughtless ! when his every act is as a torch to the laid train of future conduct, and every imagination a fountain of life or death ! Be thoughtless in *any* after years, rather than now—though, indeed, there is only one place where a man may be nobly thoughtless—his death-bed. No thinking should ever be left to be done *there*.

* * *

Courage is a mere matter of course among any ordinarily well-born youths ; but neither truth nor gentleness is matter of course. You must bind them like shields about your necks ; you must write them on the tables of your hearts. Though it be not exacted of you, yet exact it of yourselves, this vow of stainless truth. Your hearts are, if you leave them unstirred, as tombs in which a god lies buried. Vow yourselves crusaders to redeem that sacred sepulchre. And remember, before all things—for no other memory will be so protective of you—that the highest law of this knightly truth is that under which it is vowed to women. Whomsoever else you deceive, whomsoever you injure, whomsoever you leave unaided, you must not deceive, nor injure, nor leave unaided, according to your power, any woman, of whatever rank. Believe me, every virtue of the higher phases of manly character begins in this ;—in

truth and modesty before the face of all maidens ; in truth and pity, or truth and reverence, to all womanhood.

* * *

Educate, or govern, they are one and the same word. Education does not mean teaching people to know what they do not know. It means teaching them to behave as they do not behave. And the true "compulsory education" which the people now ask of you is not catechism, but drill. It is not teaching the youth of England the shapes of letters and the tricks of numbers ; and then leaving them to turn their arithmetic to roguery, and their literature to lust. It is, on the contrary, training them into the perfect exercise and kingly continence of their bodies and souls. It is a painful, continual, and difficult work ; to be done by kindness, by watching, by warning, by precept, and by praise— but above all—by example.

* * *

At the debate of King Edwin with his courtiers and priests, whether he ought to receive the Gospel preached to him by Paulinus, one of his nobles spoke as follows :

"The present life, O king ! weighed with the time that is unknown, seems to me like this : When you are sitting at a feast with your earls and thanes in winter time, and the fire is lighted, and the hall is warmed, and it rains and snows, and the storm is

loud without, there comes a sparrow, and flies through the house. It comes in at one door and goes out at the other. While it is within, it is not touched by the winter's storm; but it is but for the twinkling of an eye, for from winter it comes and to winter it returns. So also this life of man endureth for a little space; what goes before, or what follows after, we know not. Wherefore, if this new lore bring anything more certain, it is fit that we should follow it."

The King of Jerusalem, Godfrey of Bouillon, at the siege of Asshur, or Arsur, gave audience to some emirs from Samaria and Naplous. They found him seated on the ground on a sack of straw. They expressing surprise, Godfrey answered them: "May not the earth, out of which we came, and which is to be our dwelling after death, serve us for a seat during life?"

It is long since such a throne has been set in the reception-chambers of Christendom, or such an answer heard from the lips of a king.

* * *

There is not at this moment a youth of twenty, having received what we moderns ridiculously call education, but he knows more of everything, except the soul, than Plato or St. Paul did; but he is not for that reason a greater man or fitter for his work, or more fit to be heard by others than Plato or

St. Paul. There is not at this moment a junior student in our schools of painting, who does not know fifty times as much about the art as Giotto did ; but he is not for that reason greater than Giotto ; no, nor his work better, nor fitter for our beholding. Let him go on to know all that the human intellect can discover and contain in the term of a long life, and he will not be one inch, one line, nearer to Giotto's feet. But let him leave his academy benches, and, innocently, as one knowing nothing, go out into the highways and hedges, and there rejoice with them that rejoice, and weep with them that weep ; and in the next world, among the companies of the great and good, Giotto will give his hand to him, and lead him into their white circle, and say : " This is our brother."

* * *

I do not want a marble church for every village ; nay, I do not want marble churches at all for their own sake, but for the sake of the spirit that would build them. The Church has no need of any visible splendours ; her power is independent of them, her purity is in some degree opposed to them. The simplicity of a pastoral sanctuary is lovelier than the majesty of an urban temple ; and it may be more than questioned whether, to the people, such majesty has ever been the source of any increase of effective piety ; but to the builders it has been, and must ever be. It is not the church we want, but the sacrifice ;

not the emotion of admiration but the act of adoration; not the gift, but the giving.

* * *

All else for which the builders sacrificed, has passed away—all their living interests, and aims, and achievements. We know not for what they laboured, and we see no evidence of their reward. Victory, wealth, authority, happiness—all have departed, though bought by many a bitter sacrifice. But of them, and their life and their toil upon the earth, one reward, one evidence, is left to us in those grey heaps of deep-wrought stone. They have taken with them to the grave their powers, their honours, and their errors; but they have left us their adoration.

* * *

In thus reverting to the memory of those works of architecture, by which we have been most pleasurably impressed, it will generally happen that they fall into two broad classes: the one characterised by an exceeding preciousness and delicacy, to which we recur with a sense of affectionate admiration; and the other by a severe, and, in many cases mysterious, majesty, which we remember with an undiminished awe, like that felt at the presence and operation of some great Spiritual Power.

* * *

For we are not sent into this world to do anything into which we cannot put our hearts. We have certain work to do for our bread, and that is to be

done strenuously ; other work to do for our delight, and that is to be done heartily : neither is to be done by halves and shifts, but with a will ; and what is not worth this effort is not to be done at all. Perhaps all that we have to do is meant for nothing more than an exercise of the heart and of the will, and is useless in itself ; but, at all events, the little use it has may well be spared if it is not worth putting our hands and our strength to. It does not become our immortality to take an ease inconsistent with its authority, nor to suffer any instruments with which it can dispense, to come between it and the things it rules : and he who would form the creations of his own mind by any other instrument than his own hand, would also, if he might, give grinding organs to Heaven's angels, to make their music easier. There is dreaming enough, and earthiness enough, and sensuality enough in human existence, without our turning the few glowing moments of it into mechanism ; and since our life must at the best be but a vapour that appears for a little time and then vanishes away, let it at least appear as a cloud in the height of heaven, not as the thick darkness that broods over the blast of the Furnace, and rolling of the Wheel.

* * *

I said that the power of human mind had its growth in the wilderness ; much more must the love and the conception of that beauty, whose every line

and hue we have seen to be, at the best, a faded image of God's daily work, and an arrested ray of some star of creation, be given chiefly in the places which He has gladdened by planting there the fir tree and the pine. Not within the walls of Florence, but among the far away fields of her lilies, was the child trained who was to raise that headstone of Beauty¹ above her towers of watch and war. Remember all that he became; count the sacred thoughts with which he filled the heart of Italy; ask those who followed him what they learned at his feet; and when you have numbered his labours, and received their testimony, if it seem to you that God had verily poured out upon this His servant no common nor restrained portion of His Spirit, and that he was indeed a king among the children of men, remember also that the legend upon his crown was that of David's: "I took thee from the shepcote, and from following the sheep."

* * *

God has lent us the earth for our life; it is a great entail. It belongs as much to those who are to come after us, and whose names are already written in the book of creation, as to us; and we have no right, by anything that we do or neglect, to involve them in unnecessary penalties, or deprive them of benefits which it was in our power to bequeath. And this the more, because it is one of the appointed

¹ The Campanile of Giotto.

conditions of the labour of men that in proportion to the time between the seed-sowing and the harvest, is the fulness of the fruit, and that generally, therefore, the farther off we place our aim, and the less we desire to be ourselves the witnesses of what we have laboured for, the more wide and rich will be the measure of our success. Man cannot benefit those that are with them as they can benefit those who come after them; and of all the pulpits from which human voice is ever sent forth, there is none from which it reaches so far as from the grave. . . .

Therefore, when we build, let us think that we build for ever. Let it not be for present delight, nor for present use alone; let it be such work as our descendants will thank us for, and let us think, as we lay stone upon stone, that a time is to come when those stones will be held sacred because our hands have touched them, and that men will say, as they look upon the labour and wrought substance of them: "See, this our fathers did for us!" For, indeed, the greatest glory of a building is not in its stones, or in its gold. Its glory is in its Age, and in that deep sense of voicefulness, of stern watching, of mysterious sympathy, nay, even of approval or condemnation, which we feel in walls that have long been washed by the passing waves of humanity. It is in their lasting witness against them, in their quiet contrast with the transitional character of all things, in the strength which, through the lapse of seasons and times, and

the decline and birth of dynasties, and the changing of the face of the earth, and of the limits of the sea, maintains its sculptured shapeliness for a time insuperable, connects forgotten and following ages with each other, and half constitutes the identity, as it concentrates the sympathy, of nations: it is in that golden stain of time, that we are to look for the real light, and colour, and preciousness of architecture; and it is not until a building has assumed this character, till it has been entrusted with the fame, and hallowed by the deeds of men, till its walls have been witnesses of suffering, and its pillars rise out of the shadows of death, that its existence, more lasting as it is than that of the natural objects of the world around it, can be gifted with even so much as these possess, of language and of life.

* * *

If there be any one principle more widely than another confessed by every utterance, or more sternly than another imprinted on every atom, of the visible creation, that principle is not Liberty, but Law.

The enthusiast would reply that by Liberty he meant the Law of Liberty. Then why use the single and misunderstood word? If by liberty you mean the chastisement of passions, discipline of the intellect, subjection of the will; if you mean the fear of inflicting, the shame of committing, a wrong; if you mean

respect for all who are in authority, and consideration for all who are in dependence; veneration for the good, mercy to the evil, sympathy with the weak; if you mean watchfulness over all thoughts, temperance in all pleasures, and perseverance in all toils; if you mean, in a word, that service which is defined in the liturgy of the English Church to be perfect freedom, why do you name this by the same word by which the luxurious mean license, and the reckless mean change; by which the rogue means rapine, and the fool, equality; by which the proud mean anarchy, and the malignant mean violence? Call it by any name rather than this, but its best and truest, is Obedience.

Obedience is, indeed, founded upon a kind of freedom, else it would become mere subjugation, but that freedom is only granted that obedience may be more perfect; and thus, while a measure of license is necessary to exhibit the individual energies of things, the fairness and pleasantness and perfection of them all consist in their restraint. Compare a river that has burst its banks with one that is bound by them, and the clouds that are scattered over the face of the whole heaven with those that are marshalled into ranks and orders by its winds.

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Music is thus, in her health, the teacher of perfect order, and is the voice of the obedience of the angels,

and the companion of the course of the spheres of heaven; and in her depravity she is also the teacher of perfect disorder and disobedience, and the Gloria in Excelsis becomes the Marseillaise.

* * *

We will take the bird first. It is little more than a drift of the air brought into form by plumes; the air is in all its quills, it breathes through its whole frame and flesh, and grows with air in its flying, like a blown flame: it rests upon the air, subdues it, surpasses it, outraces it;—*is* the air conscious of itself, conquering itself, ruling itself.

Also, into the throat of the bird is given the voice of the air. All that in the wind itself is weak, wild, useless in sweetness, is knit together in its song. As we may imagine the wild form of the cloud closed into the perfect form of the bird's wings, so the wild voice of the cloud into its ordered and commanded voice; unwearied, rippling through the clear heaven in its gladness, interpreting all intense passion through the soft spring nights, bursting into acclaim and rapture of choir at daybreak, or lisping and twittering among the boughs and hedges through heat of day, like little winds that only make the cowslip bells shake, and ruffle the petals of the wild rose.

Also, upon the plumes of the bird are put the colours of the air: on these the gold of the cloud, that cannot be gathered by any covetousness; the rubies

of the clouds, that are not the price of Athena, but *are* Athena ; the vermillion of the cloud-bar, and the flame of the cloud-crest, and the snow of the cloud, and its shadow, and the melted blue of the deep wells of the sky—all these, seized by the creating spirit, and woven by Athena herself into films and threads of plume ; with wave on wave following and fading along breast, and throat, and opened wings, infinite as the dividing of the foam and the sifting of the sea-sand ;—even the white down of the cloud seeming to flutter up between the stronger plumes, seen, but too soft for touch.

And so the Spirit of the Air is put into, and upon, this created form ; and it becomes, through twenty centuries, the symbol of Divine help, descending, as the Fire, to speak, but as the Dove, to bless.

* * *

But especially in framing laws respecting the treatment or employment of improvident and more and less vicious persons, it is to be remembered that as men are not made heroes by the performance of an act of heroism, but must be brave before they can perform it, so they are not made villains by the commission of a crime, but were villains before they committed it ; and that the right of public interference with their conduct begins when they begin to corrupt themselves ;—not merely at the moment when they have proved themselves hopelessly corrupt.

All measures of reformation are effective in exact proportion to their timeliness : partial decay may be cut away and cleansed ; incipient error corrected : but there is a point at which corruption can no more be stayed, nor wandering recalled. It has been the manner of modern philanthropy to remain passive until that precise period, and to leave the sick to perish, and the foolish to stray, while it spent itself in frantic exertions to raise the dead, and reform the dust.

The recent direction of a great weight of public opinion against capital punishment is, I trust, the sign of an awakening perception that punishment is the last and worst instrument in the hands of the legislator for the prevention of crime. The true instruments of reformation are employment and reward ;—not punishment. Aid the willing, honour the virtuous, and compel the idle into occupation, and there will be no need for the compelling of any into the great and last indolence of death.

The beginning of all true reformation among the criminal classes depends on the establishment of institutions for their active employment, while their criminality is still unripe and their feelings of self-respect, capacities of affection, and sense of justice, not altogether quenched. That those who are desirous of employment should always be able to find it, will hardly, at the present day, be disputed ; but that those who are *undesirous* of employment should of

all persons be the most strictly compelled to it, the public are hardly yet convinced ; and they must be convinced. If the danger of the principal thoroughfares in their capital city, and the multiplication of crimes more ghastly than ever yet disgraced a nominal civilisation, are not enough, they will not have to wait long before they receive sterner lessons. For our neglect of the lower orders has reached a point at which it begins to bear its necessary fruit. and every day makes the fields, not whiter, but more sable, to harvest.

* *

There are certain eternal laws for human conduct which are quite clearly discernible by human reason. So far as these are discovered and obeyed, by whatever machinery or authority the obedience is procured, there follow life and strength. So far as they are disobeyed, by whatever good intention the disobedience is brought about, there follow ruin and sorrow. And the first duty of every man in the world is to find his true master, and, for his own good, submit to him ; and to find his true inferior, and, for that inferior's good, conquer him. The punishment is sure, if we either refuse the reverence, or are too cowardly and indolent to enforce the compulsion. A base nation crucifies or poisons its wise men, and lets its fools rave and rot in its streets. A wise nation obeys the one, restrains the other, and cherishes all.

*

Speaking truth is like writing fair, and comes only by practice: it is less a matter of will than of habit, and I doubt if any occasion can be trivial which permits the practice and formation of such a habit. To speak and act truth with constancy and precision is nearly as difficult, and perhaps as meritorious, as to speak it under intimidation or penalty; and it is a strange thought how many men there are, as I trust, who would hold to it at the cost of fortune or life, for one who would hold to it at the cost of a little daily trouble. And seeing that of all sin there is, perhaps, no one more flatly opposite to the Almighty, no one more "wanting the good of virtue and of being," than this of lying, it is surely a strange insolence to fall into the foulness of it on light or on no temptation, and surely becoming an honourable man to resolve, that, whatever semblances or fallacies the necessary course of his life may compel him to bear or to believe, none shall disturb the serenity of his voluntary actions, nor diminish the reality of his chosen delights.

* * *

I believe an immense gain in bodily health and happiness of the upper classes would follow on their steadily endeavouring, however clumsily, to make the physical exertion they now necessarily exert in amusements, definitely serviceable. It would be far better, for instance, that a gentleman

should mow his own fields, than ride over other people's.

* * *

There is a destiny now possible to us—the highest ever set before a nation to be accepted or refused. We are still undegenerate in race; a race mingled of the best northern blood. We are not yet dissolute in temper, but still have the firmness to govern, and the grace to obey. We have been taught a religion of pure mercy, which we must either now betray, or learn to defend by fulfilling. And we are rich in an inheritance of honour, bequeathed to us through a thousand years of noble history, which it should be our daily thirst to increase with splendid avarice, so that Englishmen, if it be a sin to covet honour, should be the most offending souls alive. Within the last few years we have had the laws of natural science opened to us with a rapidity which has been blinding by its brightness; and means of transit and communication given to us, which have made but one kingdom of the habitable globe. One kingdom: but who is to be its king? Is there to be no king in it, think you, and every man to do that which is right in his own eyes? Or only kings of terror, and the obscene empires of Mammon and Belial? Or will you, youths of England, make your country again a royal throne of kings; a sceptred isle, for all the world a source

of light, a centre of peace; mistress of Learning and of the Arts;—faithful guardian of great memories in the midst of irreverent and ephemeral visions;—faithful servant of time-tried principles, under temptation from fond experiments and licentious desires; and amidst the cruel and clamorous jealousies of the nations, worshipped in her strange valour of goodwill towards men?

